

ROBERT KUNZ
AND
CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ
FAMILY TRIBUTE



©

COMPILED BY: DEVIRL A. KUNZ

JUNE 22, 1985

A TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ FAMILY
PREFACE

In preparing this SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO THE ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ FAMILY, it has been my desire to record the thoughts and feelings of their grandchildren, primarily, pertaining to their noble parents, thereby giving insight into their great contributions and love for all of us.

My Brother, Foster Merlen Kunz's record entitled, ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS, dated February, 1970 is included in its entirety. This document, includes not only his thoughts and feelings but those of Aunt Rosanna Kunz, Amy Matilda Kunz, my mother, and Orval Harold Young. We are all eternally grateful to them for their efforts and foresight on our behalf.

Undoubtedly there are errors in some dates as well as typographical errors. I have attempted to record the thoughts and feelings of all contributors in the best way I knew how, realizing that I have assumed some editing privileges in the preparation. These errors should not, however, detract from the main theme of the record; namely, the feelings and appreciation we have for our noble ancestors.

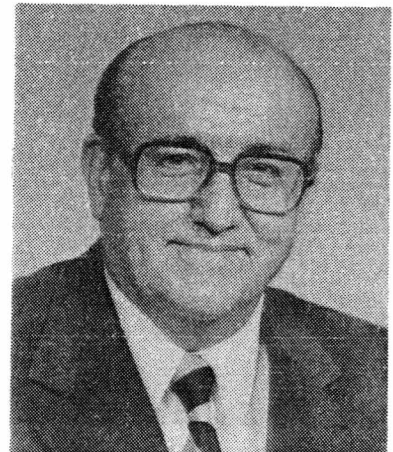
It is my hope that those within the family who read this will find encouragement and reinforcement in meeting life's problems. Above all, I hope that by following in the examples of our ancestors we will all be motivated to keep the Commandments, follow the Prophet and live lives so that we will be worthy to re-join them once again as a loveable family.

I express my appreciation to all of the Cousins, Uncles and Aunts who contributed information, assisted in writing the material and providing the pictures. Particularly I am grateful to my beautiful Wife and Sweetheart, Virginia, for encouraging me in this effort. To Cousin, Vernon Leon Kunz, who wrote and sent eloquent thoughts about our Uncles and Aunts, to Cousin, Karen Kunz and Virginia, who assisted in the proofing and to my Granddaughter, Tamara Lee McKeon Morrison, who assisted in the typing, I am especially grateful.

I have a deep love for Virginia and our wonderful family, for my Brothers and Sister and their families, and for my Aunts and Uncles and their families. I am grateful for the commitment, I made to myself, to know all of the descendents of Robert and Caroline Eschler Kunz, through the listing of their names, birthdays, addresses and telephone numbers. The special thoughts and feelings I had for each of them as I prepared the manuscript are very choice to me. THERE IS NOTHING MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE SOLIDARITY AND THE LOVE OF A LOYAL LOVEABLE FAMILY.

DeVirl A. Kunz

DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz
June 22, 1985



ROBERT KUNZ AND EMMA CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ

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POSTERITY AS OF JUNE 1, 1985

|                  | <u>1ST</u> | <u>2ND</u> | <u>3RD</u> | <u>4TH</u> | <u>5TH</u> | <u>TOTAL</u> | <u>IN<br/>LAWS</u> | <u>TO-<br/>TAL</u> | <u>DIED</u> |
|------------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|--------------|--------------------|--------------------|-------------|
| EMMA CAROLINE    | 1          | 8          | 6          | 19         | 32         | 66           | 27                 | 93                 | 11          |
| ROBERT HENRY     | 1          | 1          |            |            |            | 2            | 3                  | 5                  | 3           |
| ALVIN NEPHI      | 1          | 6          | 20         | 64         |            | 91           | 24                 | 115                | 6           |
| ORLANDO LOUIS    | 1          | 4          | 13         | 14         | 2          | 34           | 15                 | 49                 | 4           |
| ROSANNA          | 1          | 4          | 8          | 21         |            | 34           | 12                 | 46                 | 3           |
| ELLA GRACE       | 1          | 3          | 9          | 33         | 7          | 53           | 20                 | 73                 | 3           |
| ERMA LEVERN      | 1          | 1          |            |            |            | 2            | 1                  | 3                  | 1           |
| EARL DEWEY       | 1          |            |            |            |            | 1            | 1                  | 2                  | 1           |
| ONEAL RUDGER     | 1          | 8          | 32         | 56         | 4          | 101          | 37                 | 138                | 3           |
| ELIZABETH MYRTLE | 1          |            |            |            |            | 1            |                    | 1                  | 1           |
| DELMAR IRVIN     | 1          | 6          | 20         | 15         |            | 42           | 19                 | 61                 | 2           |
| TOTAL            | <u>11</u>  | <u>41</u>  | <u>108</u> | <u>222</u> | <u>45</u>  | <u>427</u>   | <u>159</u>         | <u>586</u>         | <u>38</u>   |

SUMMARY:

|                          |            |
|--------------------------|------------|
| TOTAL DIRECT DESCENDENTS | <u>427</u> |
| TOTAL POSTERITY          | <u>586</u> |
| DECEASED                 | <u>38</u>  |
| POSTERITY NOW LIVING     | <u>548</u> |
| NUMBER OF RESIDENCES     | <u>144</u> |

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

T O

R O B E R T K U N Z

A N D

C A R O L I N E E S C H L E R K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ



ROBERT & CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ
Our Grandpa and Grandma
Their lives an example of greatness



ROBERT KUNZ
Our Patriarch



ROBERT
Strength of character and testimony



CAROLINE
A pure example of love and integrity

DESCENDENTS OF
ROBERT KUNZ & CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ

1. Emma Caroline KUNZ	1883	*
¶ David J. KUNZ		*
2. Robert Henry KUNZ	1886	*
¶ Martha KUNZ		*
3. Alvin Nephi KUNZ	1888	*
¶ Amy Matilda KUNZ		*
4. Orlando Louis KUNZ	1890	
¶ Sylvia Magdalena KUNZ		
5. Rosanna KUNZ	1892	*
¶ Benjamin William KUNZ		*
6. Ella Grace KUNZ	1895	*
¶ Leonard Kane YOUNG		++
¶ Leonard Milton WILDE		
7. Erma Levern KUNZ	1897	
¶ Joseph Thornton YOUNG		
8. Earl Dewey KUNZ	1899	*
¶ Sarah Agatha SORENSON		
9. Oneal Rudger KUNZ	1901	*
¶ Aseneth BACON		*
10. Elizabeth Myrtle KUNZ	1904	*
11. Delmar Irvin KUNZ	1907	*
12. ¶ Wanda Pearl JOHNSON		*



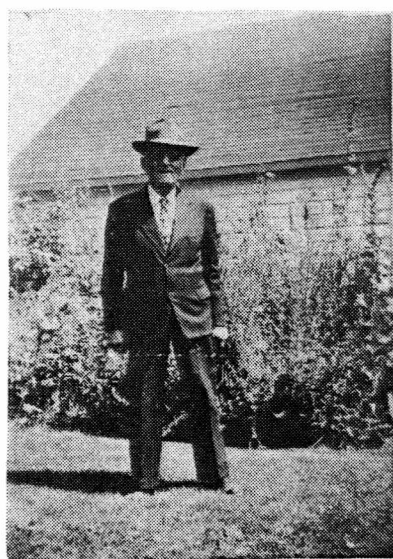
EMMA CAROLINE - ROSANNA - ELLA GRACE - ERMA LEVERN - DELMAR IRIVN
EARL DEWEY - ORLANDO LOUIS - ONEAL RUDGER - ROBERT HENRY - ALVIN NEPHI

ROBERT & CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ FAMILY



GRANDMA CAROLINE - DELMAR - ELLA - EARL - ONEAL - ERMA - GRANDPA ROBERT
ALVIN - ROSANNA - LOUIS - EMMA - ROBERT

A beautiful well behaved family in their youth and young adulthood.



GRANDPA ROBERT
Dressed and on his way to church.



ROBERT - LOUIS - GRANDPA ROBERT -
DELMAR - EMMA - ALVIN
This was how they usually looked.
They loved to visit in Sweitzer Deutsch.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M. KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

The following statement about Robert and Caroline Eschler Kunz has been prepared in the hope that it will be of interest and value to their descendents. Knowing more about them, their love for the gospel and their family, their hopes and desires for us who follow them should encourage and motivate us to do that which will bring happiness to them, now and forever.

We hope that this brief account will encourage others who knew Grandpa and Grandma to record their experiences and memories so that we might become better acquainted with these noble grandparents.

Grandpa prepared a rather comprehensive record of his parents and some of his ancestors. In this he has told how the gospel came to our people in the native Switzerland, something of their homelife there and their coming to America. For obvious reasons that record does not tell much about how his life has influenced the lives of others and the rich heritage which he and Grandma left us. Unfortunately, this statement will give only a brief indication of the good influence their lives have had on others.

To know personally these humble servants of our Father in Heaven was a rich experience. To have lived with or near them was uplifting. To have felt their love and know of their personal interest in their children and grandchildren was something which cannot be forgotten.

Their family consisted of eleven sons and daughters. In order of birth, they are: Emma C., Robert, Alvin, Louis, Rosanna, Ella, Erma, Earl, Oneal, Elizabeth (who lived only a few days) and DelMar.

In 1935, Grandpa recorded that he and Grandma at that time had a posterity of 50---11 children, 35 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. Today in February, 1970, their posterity consists of 11 children, 41 grandchildren, 101 great-grandchildren, 54 great-great-grandchildren and at least 2 known great-great-great-grandchildren are expected---a total of 207 descendents and two more currently expected. In 35 years their posterity has increased four-fold!

Grandpa was born December 16, 1862 in Riedern, Diemtigen District of the Canton of Bern, Switzerland. Six months prior on June 22, 1862, his grandfather, John Kunz I, and his Aunt Rosina had joined the Church. They were the first of the Kunz family to accept the Gospel. Grandpa's parents did not join the Church until February 27, 1869. Grandpa was the youngest in a family of ten children. His parents were John Kunz II and Rosina Knutti. He came to America with his parents at the age of seven and one-half years, arriving in Salt Lake City on August 5, 1870. The family was sent to Bear Lake valley in Southern Idaho by President Brigham Young where they settled first in Ovid and later moved to Bern where they made their home.

We are indebted to Aunt Rosanna for the following intimate and personal description of her Father and Mother, our grandparents. This warm personal statement clearly reflects the love and devotion which she and her brothers and sisters have for these noble parents. We who did not know them so well are grateful to her for this fine description of them.

My Wonderful Parents by Rosanna Kunz

"Father worked hard all of his life; he always kept busy. I am sure he never worked for anyone that he didn't give more than full value to his employer. He had no patience with a person who shirked on the job. He was

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honest in all dealings, always on the level. He disliked debts and worked hard to keep out of debt. I realize now what a struggle it must have been to keep his family. Fortunately, he had the support of a wonderful little woman who never wasted anything. This, I am sure, was a great help to him.

"Father was a self-educated man. His schooling was limited to only one year under a teacher who had little training, but he learned to read and write the new language well. His limited schooling didn't stop his learning. Not only did he learn from reading and study, but he learned many trades in his life. He repaired our shoes, soldered and repaired everything from cheese vats to cooking utensils, repaired harnesses, shod horses, treated sick animals and did many other things well. He made water pipes by drilling a hole lengthwise through long wood poles and then joining them together. He did this for himself and others until metal pipes became available. In Wardboro he piped a wonderful spring of water into our home. As far as we knew, it was the first home with running water in the Bear Lake valley. I remember him telling us that when the Ward Teachers came to visit us and he turned on the water to give them a drink, they were astonished and thought he was a magician.

"He was well informed in taking care of the sick. When we were living in Alton, Uncle David's family (Aunt Lou) was living at the Lewis Ranch in Raymond. Their son Oliver was taken seriously ill. He had taken many convulsions. Uncle David was in Bern at the time with his other family. One of the boys came to our home in the night to get Father, while another went to Montpelier for a doctor. Both traveled by horseback; we had no phones in those days. Father went as fast as his horse could carry him. He administered to Oliver and prayed for inspiration that they might know what to do until the doctor arrived. After this he suggested to Aunt Lou that Oliver be put in a tub of warm water so that his entire body was covered. They then put cold packs on his head. The convulsions stopped immediately. When Dr. Hoover arrived he told father: 'You no doubt saved the boy's life; that's just what I would have done.' Then he added, 'Hang out your shingle, Bob.'

"Father always had great faith in the power of the priesthood, and he exercised that power in his administrations to those who were ill. On one occasion while we were living in Alton, Alvin became very ill with pneumonia. Father administered to him and, of course, prayed. We were terribly worried because Alvin was so ill. Father and Mother took turns watching over him. While Father was resting he dreamed that he saw Alvin crossing a deep river on a horse. Father was watching from the bank unable to help him, other than to pray. Alvin and the horse went out of sight under the water twice, but each time they came up again. When they went down the third time Father in his dream said aloud, 'O God, save my boy.' With that Alvin and the horse came out of the water and the horse climbed up the bank. Father immediately awakened and told Mother that Alvin would get well. There was no doubt in his mind. Our prayers were answered, and Alvin recovered fully.

"I believe that if Father had had the opportunity to obtain an education, he could have been successful in any field to which he set his heart and mind. He had a wonderful memory; it was easy for him to memorize. I remember that one weekend, even after his 90th birthday, he recited to me in German, a poem he had learned as a boy. As I recall there were twenty verses in it. I thought he would never get to the end. He did not falter. He knew the poem from beginning to end. He taught us children how to memorize. His advice was to get up early in the morning and read the piece a few times before

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
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breakfast. By doing this for a few days, he would soon know the piece well. I have done this many times in my life and have found it to be an easy way to memorize. With Mother's help, Father taught me the Articles of Faith in Wardboro before I was old enough to go to school. He would put me on a chair and have me recite them for company. Although I was frightened, he was proud that I could do it.

"I believe father could have been an actor had he tried. He could impersonate others so well that he often had fun making people in another room think a certain person was there.

"After we moved to Bern he had access to more books, and he took advantage of them. His nephew, D. C. Kunz, brought him many good books from Paris where he worked as an attorney. When the chores and evening meal were over, Father would read and study. He retained well that which he read. We as children, would have to be quiet so we didn't disturb him too much. At times we didn't appreciate that. As he read something which he felt we should know, he would read it aloud to us. When he did this we knew it was something worth hearing. He read an ancient history of England which told of the black plague which wiped out half of the population. He read how those who were well enough to help, would go out every morning to see whether their neighbors were still alive. They would look to see if smoke was coming from the chimney from their neighbor's homes. If so, they knew that some were still alive. If not, they knew there was no life left. The plague was more serious because of the constant rains and lack of sunshine. Father also read a history of England which he said showed that the Church of England was founded on a divorce. These and many other things he read to us I have remembered all my life.

"Father also studied the scriptures and knew them well. He could tell Bible stories in such a way that we knew they were true. He was well informed on church doctrine. This he learned through reading and study only. He had no teachers.

"I always enjoyed hearing my father pray. His prayers were sincere and came from his heart. Even in his declining years when I spent many weekends with him in Logan, he would plead with the Lord for his posterity, that none would go astray and be lost, that in time all would repent. I have lived to see those prayers answered in many ways. I also loved to hear him administer to the sick. He did it with great faith and power.

"Father had a keen sense of humor. He was quick-witted. As he would relate something humorous or make a wry remark, his face would brighten up with a quick smile and his eyes would twinkle with delight. When President McKay announced that the Church would build the first temple in Europe and that it would be in Bern, Switzerland, I was with Father in Logan. He was very weak and was in bed recovering from recent surgery. He was 90 years old at the time. I had gone to Logan to stay with him for the weekend. I knew he had not heard the news, so I said to him, 'Pa, guess where they are going to build the temple in Europe.' He said, 'Oh, that will be in England.' 'Well, you're wrong this time,' I said, 'It will be in Switzerland'. Weak as he was he sat up so quickly in bed that I thought he was going to leap to the floor. With a thrill in his voice, he said, 'Is that really true? to think that Scotsman (referring to president McKay) would build a temple in Switzerland!'

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M. KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

He was overjoyed, and his face beamed. I thought, 'Would that my father could go and attend the dedication.' He lacked the strength and means, but it was a joy for him to know the first European temple was built in his native land.

"The first year following his operation in Logan, he was unable to care for himself as he had done previously. We arranged to have a family whom he knew well take an apartment in the basement of his home so they could cook and care for him during the week. I agreed to go to Logan Friday night of each week after work to wash for him, clean his apartment and take him to the doctor for examinations as needed. I also cooked for him so that the family didn't have to do it all the time. I did this every week for that first year, and it worked out well. He regained his strength and seemed to enjoy my coming. At times Erma would come from American Fork, and we would go together. We really enjoyed those trips, that is, if we didn't run into a blizzard in Sardine Canyon. The following year I went to Logan every two weeks thinking he was stronger and able to get along. He, however, became weaker. He wouldn't eat the food that was prepared for him, and the few meals I prepared for him every two weeks weren't enough, so my brothers decided to move him to Bern. It nearly broke my heart, as I knew I could not go to Bern, except during my vacation time, and still continue my job. I knew it was the only thing to do, and that it was best for him. They were all so good to him. I am thankful that I was blessed with strength to go to him on weekends while he was in Logan as I did. I would love to be able to go see him again. I am sure I would appreciate it even more now.

"In his younger years Father was stern with his children. He knew what was right for them, and he did all in his power to help them stay in the right paths. Even though he was strict, I do not recall of him ever punishing me nor any of his children physically. I am thankful beyond words for my parents, for their hard work and the trials they lived through for us children. Above all I am thankful for their faith in the gospel and the teachings they gave us. I don't remember that I ever doubted the truthfulness of the gospel. I am sure that it is because of their testimonies and their way of life that we had such great faith in it. Our patient angel Mother was of such great help to us. God bless their memory.

"My Mother, Caroline Eschler Kunz, was born in Boltigen, Switzerland in the Canton of Bern, October 16, 1862. She was the second child in the family. She came to America in the year 1877 with her father, mother, one brother and four sisters. Their first few years in Montpelier were hard times. Mother was fifteen years old, so she worked away from home for her board and room. The first winter she stayed with the Joseph Phelps' family in the southeast part of Bear Lake valley at Eden Hills. Mother suffered severely with cold and hunger this winter. Later she worked in Montpelier for a family named Percy (phonetic). This family was very good to Mother, and times were better for the family.

"Mother and Father were married May 4, 1882 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City. The first year of their married life they lived with Father's parents in Bern. I never heard Mother say anything but good of her parents-in-law. Her first baby was born January 29, 1883; her last baby was born January 3, 1907. In those twenty-four years she gave birth to eleven children and two miscarriages, and through it all I don't think she ever murmured or complained.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M. KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

"As I think back it seems to me that her one concern was that her family live the gospel. This was her constant prayer, her constant effort.

"My parents had no more than the necessities of life after we left our good home in Wardboro, but never once did I hear Mother complain that she had to give up a good home and a good livelihood to help someone else. I am sure that many of us would have not been so willing to help another in need.

"Mother loved music, and she had a beautiful alto voice. She did much singing in her younger years. Father bought us an organ, the first organ in Bern, and I know she was thrilled to have her daughters learn to play it.

"Mother was always faithful in the payment of tithes. She did all in her power to teach her small children to do the same. She would pay tithing on her small egg income. Every day she wrote down the amount she received, and on fast day, one tenth would be given to the Bishop. In the meantime, a few eggs would always go to the Relief Society for the worthy poor. Mother worked many years as a Relief Society teacher, and was always ready to be of help to those who were ill or who were in need. She was too timid to take part in public meetings, but she was very active in doing good. She was quiet, a good listener, patient, kind, considerate, and an immaculate housekeeper. To her, 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness.' She worked hard to keep her family and home clean.

"Mother was about five feet two inches tall. She had dark hair and beautiful brown eyes. Her body was small. She was a wonderful Mother, a woman of great faith. She relied upon the Lord when we were in need of help, and she knew the power of prayer.

"I recall Mother telling me an incident in her life which showed how fear can harm and what faith can accomplish. When she was working for a family in Montpelier one of the family became very ill with what was called black diphtheria. This was a dreadful disease in those days as they had no method of controlling or preventing the disease. Mother was then a young girl, and she was exposed to the disease. Another young girl who worked with Mother was also exposed. This girl became so frightened that she became hysterical. She cried and said that she knew she was going to die. She contracted the disease and did die. Mother told me 'I was not afraid; I knew that I would not contract the disease. I had that faith.' She didn't contract it. She knew the power of faith, and she tried to teach it to her family.

"Mother's life came to an end through a dreadful illness on August 3, 1929. She suffered intense pain for a long period of time. I was with her much of the time. I was with her in Logan more than once when she underwent surgery. In all of her suffering, not once did she complain that her lot was too hard. The only fault she ever found was with her family, for not having sufficient faith. She would tell us, 'Your faith is weak; you should exercise more faith in my getting well.' We all knew the nature of her illness, and no doubt we did give up hope and showed a lack of faith for her recovery.

"I hope that we, her children, and her numerous posterity will bring joy to her dear soul. She suffered so much in life, but even so, she found much joy in living. May we all live worthy of being her sons and daughters."

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
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At this point, it is appropriate to include Grandpa's own words (written in 1935) about Grandma and his experiences in the years following her death

"I never could imagine how hard it would be to part with a companion with whom you had lived for fortyseven years and with whom you had gone through poverty, sickness and rearing of a family. It was such a hard trial that only through the mercy of the Lord was I able to endure it. I kept up with my labors in the Stake as best I could, but some of my children had moved away....this added to my loneliness, so I went to California for a month and visited with my children. I returned to Logan and stopped with my niece, Rose Eschler, for one month and did some endowment work on my wife's line....I then returned to Bern....where I continued my labors in the Stake with the brethren of my quorum in the High Council.

"In early December, 1931 feeling very depressed and meditating as to what I should do, whether to continue my labors in the stake or do temple work, I pleaded with the Lord in extraordinary humility. I asked him to give me some manifestation that night as I retired.

"I went to bed and was fast asleep in a minute. I dreamed that I stood by the side of the Logan Temple where I saw my present wife (Louisa W. Pope) standing in front of me by the Temple. I immediately awoke. Only five minutes had passed from the time I asked the Lord in sincerity and humility to show me what to do. I kept this manifestation to myself for several days and did not dare to ask the Lord for more guidance because it was so real and so plain. I could not get away from it if I had wanted, so I made up my mind that I would go and do temple work. Later I wrote to Louisa Pope whom I had seen in my dream and asked if she could find a place for me to room. She consented to give me a room in her home. I went to Logan on January 28, 1932. I related my dream to her and the following day we went to see President Shepherd of the Logan Temple. We related the dream to him. He said that if we felt we could get along together, he would advise us to be married. On February 2, 1932, I received a call from President Heber J. Grant to serve as an officiator in the Logan Temple which made my dream come true. It also fulfilled the promise made by the patriarch in 1896 who told me that the mantle had fallen upon me to work for my progenitors. That work is now being done....I was also promised in my patriarchial blessing that I would stand at the head of a numerous posterity....I now hope that the spirit of Elijah will take hold of my posterity so they will continue where we leave off.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDPARENTS -- BY: FOSTER M. KUNZ

I was 13 years old when Grandma died, and I have fond memories of her. We lived next door to my grandparents, I was in their home often. I remember Grandma as the sweetest and kindest person one might ever know. I have only faint memory of my other grandmother (my Mother's Mother), but what I do remember about her and what I have been told by those who knew her well, few people could be blessed with more humble loving grandmothers that it was my good fortune to have.

Although we lived close to our grandparents, I remember that it was always

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
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a special privilege to visit them. When we did, Grandma always had something good for each of us. I remember her in long dresses or skirts and blouses, usually with a large apron hanging from her waist, generally with several small children clustered about her. She was a gentle woman, one who seemed to be serenely calm and at peace with the world. Although she must have been burdened with many cares, she was always cheerful with us. She had an even disposition and did not become upset.

My Father has told me many times that Grandma was completely honest in everything that she did; that she looked only for good in others; that she was kind, considerate, submissive and quiet. She taught her children to be honest not only with their associates, but with the Lord as well. She set the proper example in all things. She lived the kind of a life she wanted her children to live. She was a noble woman, one who loved the Lord and whose traits and characteristics were truly those of an angel.

My Mother, Amy Kunz, loved Grandma as she did her own Mother. Her love for Grandpa was much deeper and more genuine than that which is usually found in a father and daughter-in-law relationship. Grandpa also thought kindly of her, as he often told me that my Mother was a "very choice spirit." he urged me to remember it always. The relationship which existed between my parents and Grandma and Grandpa was unusually close.

Some years ago in writing about Grandma, my Mother wrote the following:

"Eleven children blessed their union. Six boys and five girls were born to this good woman. Her tenth child, a girl, died a few days after birth. She referred to this little girl as a 'tithing child.' She had given her to the Lord.

"The doctor told her that she could not have another child. But Mother had great faith and she knew that the first commandment of our Father in Heaven was to multiply and replenish the earth. A little more than two years later, she gave birth to another son (DelMar). This son brought to her and her good husband great joy and happiness. Throughout his life he brought honor to his faithful and devoted parents. I am sure they were grateful that the Lord had blessed them with him.

"A more trustworthy, faithful and kind mother and grandmother never lived. Her constant prayer and desires were to teach her children the principles of the gospel and have them live it. She taught them the law of tithing and to observe the Sabbath Day. She was faithful in attending Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting and other meetings. She always went with her children; she didn't send them. She noted in her diary on several occasions that all of her boys were in priesthood. Her rewards and joys came through seeing her sons and daughters do what the Lord would have them do.

"For so many years she served as a visiting teacher for the Relief Society. She loved this great Society, and she filled her calling with love and respect for all. In the summer she went about this task with horse and buggy and in the winter with a horse and sleigh. She was always faithful in completing her obligation, and she brought blessings and comfort to all she visited.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M. KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

"Whenever there was sickness in any of our homes, our first thought was to call Mother. As soon as she arrived things looked brighter, and she soon helped us over our difficulty. Her faith healed many. She was tender and merciful at all times, so good to our children and so loving to all.

"We missed her so much when after long suffering she passed away. She was a wonderful Mother. We comforted ourselves with the knowledge that sometime in the future we could be with her again, that once again we could feel her love and enjoy her companionship."

I remember Grandma's serious illness. I knew of her great suffering. I was in her home several times while she was ill and until she became too ill to see us. She had excruciating pain, and her suffering was great.

After Grandma passed away, and because she had suffered so much, Grandpa offered a fervent prayer that he might know whether she had been given full relief from her pain and suffering. Without being aware that he had done this, my Father while taking an afternoon nap, dreamed about his Mother. In the dream he saw her coming out of our home. She was happy and smiling. The sun was shining brightly. As she approached he greeted and spoke to her in their native Sweitzer-deutsch, "Mother, where are you going?" he asked. Her reply was, "I'm now going home." Dad then asked, "Mother, doesn't it hurt you anymore?" She said, "No, not a bit; not a thing." With this she walked off through a path surrounded by tall beautiful flowers. She was suffering no longer.

So much did this dream impress my Father that upon waking, he went immediately to tell Grandpa about it. Grandpa felt that it was an answer to his prayer; he knew for sure that Grandma had been given full relief from her illness and that she was well and happy.

My earliest recollections of Grandpa center around the work I saw him do at his home and farm. I remember "stomping" hay for him, or helping him with an extra mower or rake to finish a patch of hay. I recall driving teams which lifted loads of hay off wagons to the top of hay stacks while he stacked it. I remember how he would shape a pair of horse shoes to fit a horse. I have turned the blower on the old forge in the blacksmith shop while he heated the shoes or shaped a piece of metal to repair a piece of equipment. It was difficult to turn the blower at just the right speed to satisfy his needs. If too fast, the hot coals would shoot out and into his face; if too slow, there was not sufficient heat to soften the metal. I have held horses while he shod them and have seen the perspiration roll off his face as he worked fast to keep the horse from becoming impatient. I remember as a boy having to half-jog and half walk to keep up with him as he walked from one job to another.

He was always good to me. I don't recall a single instance of him speaking sharply to me, and I always respected him. He seemed so busy so deep in concentration or so intent on whatever he was doing that I did not then see the warm, tender and jovial side of his personality. This I came to know and appreciate when I was older.

One of my early memories of Grandpa is the manner in which he ate boiled eggs. He would cut the egg in half, then eat each half from the shell. I saw him do this many times, and it always fascinated me. It wasn't until this past summer when my family and I were traveling through Germany and Switzerland that I saw this being done by people in those countries, even in the better hotels and restaurants.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M.KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

Later in his life, Grandpa told me of the serious stomach ailment which he had for many years. In his record he states that it was caused by drinking cold water from the melting snow when he was over-heated while working in the canyons. I think that he suffered from stomach ulcers, but I don't recall him saying this. If so, they were probably caused more by anxiety, hard work and perhaps his overly conscientious nature which drove him to put all his energies into everything he did. I remember him telling me that doctors prescribed charcoal for this illness and that he dutifully ate charcoal as they had prescribed. The illness left him in later years and to my knowledge he was not troubled by it thereafter.

When I was a boy I drove cows to and from pasture at the Outlet for Grandpa and others. This I did morning and night from early spring until late each fall. While doing this one summer he gave me a black dog which was fully grown. the dog was named Keeno. He had a white face with white spots on his feet and legs. On one occasion he saved me from being trampled and probably being gored by an angry bull. The bull had turned on my horse as I opened the gate to let the animals in the field. The horse was pitched from side to side and I was thrown loose from the saddle but managed to hold to the side of the horse by clinging to the saddle horn and the horse's neck. At the moment I was ready to lose my grip the dog came running from the stream where he had gone to get a drink, and without a word from me he took after the bull's heels. He was savage in his attack. In a moment the bull had turned against the dog and was soon running off through the field. We were grateful for what the dog had done and it pleased Grandpa to know that the dog had saved me from possible injury.

On one occasion I had an accident and crippled one of Grandpa's favorite mares. I had finished discing my father's field, and was taking the disc to Grandpa's yard by his house. I was driving four horses. The horse on the right was Molly, a fine brown mare, one of a team (Molly and Bird) that Grandpa owned. As I turned into the lane leading down to his house, the horses were trotting fast, too fast. The team swung to the right and Molly stepped into the gate catching her right front hoof between the guy wire and the pole. The momentum and pull of the other horses jerked her, and she tore the muscle in her right shoulder. She was crippled for life. I was thrown off the disc, but fortunately the team stopped and I was not injured. I felt very badly for carelessly permitting this to happen. I had difficulty in facing Grandpa for a long time, and I think I never had the courage to discuss it with him. I knew how much he liked this team of horses, and I knew it was a great loss to him. He never criticized me, nor did he even imply that I had done wrong. It was a sad experience for me, and I felt sorry about it for years.

I really came to know and appreciate Grandpa when Vernon and I stayed at his home in Logan while we were in college. We had a small room in which we slept, prepared our meals, and did our homework. Grandpa and Aunt Lou were good to us. They often gave us food or had us join them for dinner. During the two years that we lived there, I had many long discussions with Grandpa. It wasn't until years later that I realized what a strong influence he exercised on me during that time. I enjoyed my visits with him. I found him very pleasant, in fact, jovial and always in good humor. He was cheerful and full of encouragement.

He was then an officiator in the Logan Temple. In that capacity he often took the part of Satan in the temple ceremony. I remember him telling with

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS

COMPILED BY: FOSTER M.KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

obvious delight how he portrayed this ignoble character. Through vivid expressions and motions he would impersonate this crafty old curmudgeon, and at the same time tell how he beguiled the sons and daughters of God. I remember Grandpa saying that Satan never gives up, that he never quits tempting a person. In fact, he said with a smile, that at his age (then in his seventies) Satan "pulled" at his shirttail every day".

Grandpa was a patriarch in every sense. He was faithful to his Church, he brought blessings to his family, he prayed for them, he sought to keep them faithful and it grieved him if they did less than he felt they could. He was an excellent teacher. He could dramatize his points in such a way that they made lasting impressions on a person. He talked plain, avoiding abstracts and subtleties. He was frank, straight forward; he had the courage of his convictions. You always knew where he stood. He was a man of great wisdom, one who had studied much and who had developed a vast store of knowledge of those subjects which are of real importance to life.

He lived close to the Lord. He prayed with deep feeling. He talked about the Lord as if he knew him personally. I have often heard him say that "the veil is very thin between us and the Lord". He conducted his life and his affairs among men as if he were constantly aware of this. He was a man of great faith. He appreciated and prized highly the Priesthood which he held. He exercised it with power but in deep humility. On several occasions he told me that I should not be afraid to use it. He made me realize that by virtue of the Priesthood, we have the right and the power to heal the sick and otherwise bless those in need of assistance. He believed that those who held the Priesthood should not be fearful in exercising it.

Because of this strong counsel on this matter, I have been given the courage to promise blessings with greater faith and assurance than I would have had otherwise. I have seen the hand of the Lord manifest on many occasions when this was done, and I testify that the Lord does show forth His power through the efforts of humble servants.

In the years after I graduated from college, I corresponded with Grandpa frequently. Whenever we were in Logan we stopped to visit him. I wanted my children to know him as I did. Unfortunately they were too young to do this, but I have tried to have them appreciate him as I did.

He was a great man, an obedient and faithful servant of our Father in Heaven. I shall forever be grateful for the opportunity to have had my life touched and enriched by his noble soul. I look forward to the day when I may see and be with him again.

A TRIBUTE BY BISHOP ORVAL HAROLD YOUNG

My grandmother, Caroline Kunz, was a wonderful person. She was truly a grandmother in the way everyone thinks a grandmother should be. She was petite in size, neat, clean and very modest. She was a pleasant little lady, kind and loving. She always saw the bright side of things. You could see in her eyes the love she had for her family as she talked about them. Grandma, as we called her, was a devoted wife and a real helpmate. No work or job to be done was too hard or below her station in life. She worked hard every day with absolutely no complaining. She maintained a sweet spirit and attitude toward everyone.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M.KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

She always had an interesting story to tell about life in Switzerland. Her family had a hard time making a living. Most of the time they had only the necessities of life.

Grandpa said that if he had known what Grandma was like before he married her, he would have proposed to her a couple of years sooner.

Her grandchildren could always go to her with their problems and she was anxious to listen them. I don't remember her ever getting excited or losing her composure. If she did, I did not witness it.

Grandma had a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She tried to have her children and grandchildren attend church and do what they knew was right.

As a grandson I loved her, and I appreciated the many good things of real worth that she taught me. She would encourage us with this good counsel: "Say your prayers, be honest, be good and the Lord will bless you". She truly was a great woman. I shall always be proud to say that "She is my grandmother".

My grandfather, Robert Kunz, my mother's father, was a man of medium build, about five feet seven inches in height. He weighed about 165 to 170 pounds. His head was rather large with grey hair around the side. He was balding at a rather early age. He had bright blue eyes and a pleasing smile, but this could turn in an instant to a stern sober look that could penetrate you to your toes. His feet were short and toes were short. He wore about a size six shoe. His hands were medium size, but were very strong from his many years of hard work in farming and milking cows. His chest, back, arms and legs were covered with well developed muscles and a growth of hair in his mature life.

I remember well his coming to the house on a run one evening (interrupting his milking of a cow) to pop a nickel out of the throat of this grandson. He had been called to the house because I had swallowed a 5-cent piece. It had lodged in my throat causing me much distress. Suddenly his strong fingers were going down my throat, with determination. He caught the coin and flipped it out. Charging back outside with no other comment, he said, "Keep that money out of your mouth".

Grandpa was an honest man of integrity. He could walk in a bank at a time when money was hard to get, and on his signature only, obtain a loan for several hundred dollars. If he told a man he would be at a certain place at a certain time he was there as he agreed to be. His word was as good as his bond.

His education was the second grade in formal schooling, but this was no handicap to him. One evening in the chapel of the Logan Temple, with no more than a few minutes notice, he delivered one of the finest sermons I have heard in that holy house.

He quoted many scriptures, word for word. If it was not quoted so, to him, it was incorrect. He loved to read the scriptures. When I was a small boy, I remember him reading the scriptures each night of the week. At times when his son, Robert H., was over in the evening, he would read aloud the verses from the Bible and then make comments on what was read.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ -- NOBLE GRANDPARENTS
COMPILED BY: FOSTER M.KUNZ - FEBRUARY 1970

He loved a good story, and he had a marvelous sense of humor. He enjoyed telling a good story. Many of them I remember to this day.

He could act well in dramas! He knew how to make a part "live". Therefore in the days when the temple ceremony was done by voice of live actors, he portrayed his part well and enjoyed doing them.

I loved him as a man, as a father and as a grandfather. He always wanted to do what was right, so much so that some took advantage of him. He loved his parents and stood by his brothers and sisters through "thick and thin". he was proud of his heritage and the fact that his family had accepted the gospel in Switzerland and had come to America.

His love for the church and his desire to keep the commandments can be attested by all who knew him.

Grandpa wanted only the best for his family. His descendents can be proud of this great patriarch. If we follow his admonition to "be honest, true and faithful to God and all men" we will be thrilled when once again we have the opportunity to shake his hand, be hugged by him and hear him say, "What now?"

Compiled by: Foster

TRIBUTE TO: FOSTER, MOTHER AMY, AUNT ROSANNA AND ORVAL
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

As a postscript to the above tribute by my brother Foster, my Mother Amy, my Aunt Rosanna and my cousin Orval, who loved our grandparents and us enough to write their thoughts and feelings down so we might be blessed by them. All except Orval have passed on. What a loss it would have been if they had not unselfishly given of their efforts. I will be eternally grateful to Foster for his untiring efforts to provide these beautiful records. May his joy be even greater with those on the other side for having done so.

My Grandpa Robert's and Grandma Caroline's counsel to me was freely given but I will give only two quotes as follows: Grandpa said, "Bud, I don't really care what else you do in life, as long as you keep yourself morally clean and keep on speaking terms with the Lord" and my Grandma said, "Bud, pay your tithing".

It is my humble prayer that the over 425 direct descendents of Grandma and Grandpa will heed this counsel so that their lives will be enriched and we may always be together as a "loyal loveable family throughout the eternities".

By: DeVirl (Bud)

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT KUNZ AND CAROLINE ESCHLER KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

GRANDFATHER, ROBERT...A UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL
UNWAVERING...A PRINCE AMONG MEN

My grandfather, Robert Kunz, is truly an unique individual. I'm sure, even now, in the World of Spirits, he is a prime mover, using his own driving ambition to further the work in that sphere of action. He was a "pusher" while here on earth, and I can't help believing (thankfully) he hasn't changed.

Grandpa was living in Logan when Oneal and I went there to pick up an automobile. The vehicle was not licensed so we decided to leave Logan after midnight in order to avoid any problem with the patrolmen. In the meantime we visited Grandpa and looking intently at Uncle Oneal, he began to give some fatherly advice and counsel. I thought I was not included in the lecture, but at the conclusion he turned to me and said -"Everything I have just told your uncle, applies to you also", and then he was off to bed. In a sense, his comments were a Father's blessing with warnings, admonitions and premises based upon compliance. I am positive that he is just as concerned now as he was then, about his posterity here in mortality. Nothing would be more important to him than to know that we are living the "good life".

Had it not been for my Grandfather and his good wife, it would have been impossible to attend school in Logan. They asked only a pittance in return for their hospitality.

I believe he was blessed in life with the "gift of healing". Many are the accounts of those who were healed through his exercise of the priesthood. My Mother's brother, Uncle Joe, was staying in our home and became gravely ill. Grandpa gave him a blessing, and Uncle Joe expressed several times in my presence, how his life had been spared through that administration.

It has always seemed to me that he was born with a testimony of the truth. That it was strengthened by life's experiences and his unwavering compliance with gospel principles is, of course, apparent. He always was and always will be a prince among men.

BY: Vernon

C H A P T E R 1

E M M A C A R O L I N E K U N Z K U N Z

A N D

D A V I D J. K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ & DAVID J. KUNZ



DAVID J. KUNZ
Piercing happy
eyes



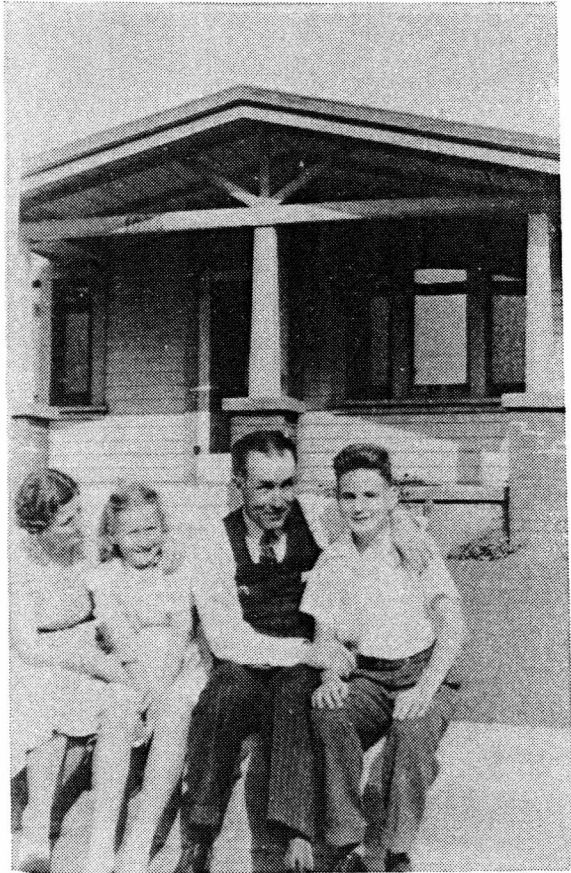
EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ
A friendly smile
of love



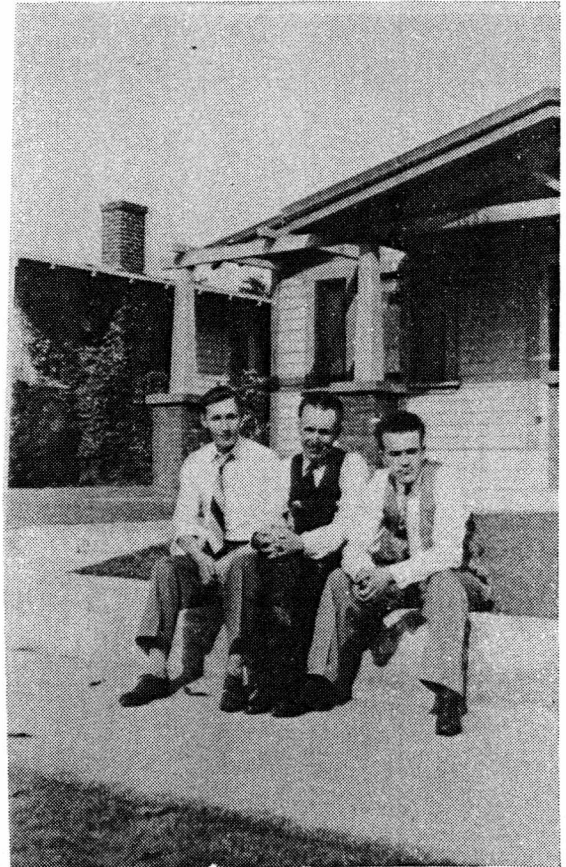
AMY & EMMA
A lifetime of love & friendship



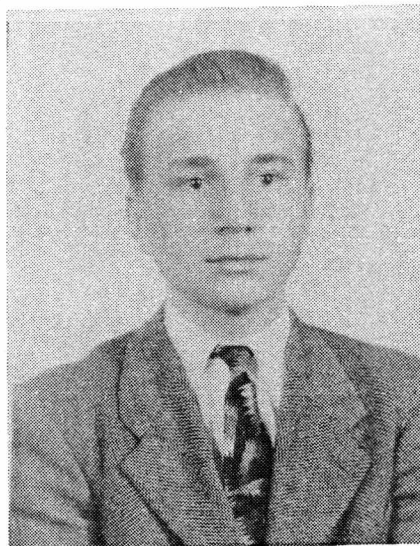
EMMA CAROLINE
In California by the ocean
in the 1940's



LEVEDA KUNZ - NELDA KUNZ
HORACE KUNZ - JERALD KUNZ
1086 Los Palos Street,
Los Angeles, CA - 1941
A beautiful happy family



LORRAINE BUHLER
HORACE KUNZ - IRA RAY KUNZ
1941 - All have passed on.
Three great men



DARRELL ELLWOOD HANSEN
A California boy - about 1941

EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ & DAVID J. KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

1.	Emma Caroline KUNZ	1-29-1883	*	
	¶ David J. KUNZ	4- 1-1980	*	
1.1.	Horace Reed KUNZ	3-31-1900	*	417 Morris Place 80640
	¶ LeVeda WESTOVER	8-27-1904		Montebello, CA
				213-721-7515
1.1.1.	Jerald Reed KUNZ	9-19-1929		(Same as LeVeda's)
	¶ Ina Luen PIERCE	6- 2-1915	*	
				213-721-7515
1.1.2.	Nelda Mae KUNZ	9-19-1931		740 Strubridge
	¶ Paul Allen PHELPS	9-29-1925		La Habra, CA 90631
				213-691-5832
1.	Vicki Lynn PHELPS	3- 2-1960		2324 Annadel
	¶ John Randall BROWN	7-24-1960		Roland Heights, CA 91748
				714-595-0186
	1. Jessica Lynn BROWN	9-13-1980		
	2. Jeffrey Randall BROWN	2- 5-1982		
	3. Jonathan David BROWN	4-21-1984		
2.	Lori Ann PHELPS	7- 4-1961		17740 Shamrock
	¶ Robert Paul GRAHAM	11- 7-1960		Fontana, CA 92335
				714-350-4885
	1. Jennifer Mae GRAHAM	8-26-1978		
	2. David Bradford GRAHAM	10-29-1979		
	3. Daniel Reed GRAHAM	4-10-1983		
	4. Julie Ann GRAHAM	5-19-1984		
3.	Brent Allen PHELPS	2- 7-1965		(Mission in Taiwan Taipei)
4.	Darin Reed PHELPS	8- 7-1966		
1.2.	Loran T. KUNZ	12-30-1902	*	
	¶ Irene Winnona HANSEN	8- 7-1907		1805 East 16th St.
	(William WEGNER)	5- 4-1893		Burley, Idaho 83318
				208-678-8249
1.2.1.	Richard Loran KUNZ	8- 5-1927		1222 Parkway Dr.
	¶ Gloria Darlene MURPHY	10-19-1931		Twin Falls, Idaho 83301
				208-733-9498
1.	Valorie Irene KUNZ	7- 1-1952		213 Richardson
	¶ George Lee JOHNSTON	12-29-1952		Twin Falls, Idaho 83301
				208-734-5732
	1. Maggie Marie JOHNSTON	12-28-1972		
	2. Katie Verda JOHNSTON	5- 4-1977		
	3. Michael C. JOHNSTON	2-29-1980		
	4. Rebecca Ann JOHNSTON	10-19-1983		
2.	Pamela Dee KUNZ	5- 6-1954		
	¶ Sidney A. NELSON		+	
	1. Heather NELSON	9-29-1971		
	2. Tiffany NELSON	1- 6-1974		

EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ & DAVID J. KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

2.	Pamela Dee KUNZ	5-16-1954	2003 South Tacoma
	¶ John David BURNS	1-18-1953	Kennewick, Washington 99336
	1. Chantell Dawn BURNS	3- 5-1976	
	2. Brian BURNS	8-17-1978	
	3. Shawn Jacob BURNS	8-11-1979 *	
	4. Kerena BURNS	6-18-1983	
3.	Lori Darlene KUNZ	6-25-1955	120 Adams Apt. #1
	¶ Van Arden HANSEN	12- 2-1950	Pocatello, Idaho 83201
			208-237-1512
	1. Benjamin HANSEN	10-14-1976	
	2. Amy HANSEN	4- 5-1978	
	3. Holly Marinda HANSEN	7-30-1979	
	4. Joseph Allen HANSEN	9-25-1981	
4.	Ricky David KUNZ	9-12-1957	Star Route South Box 360
	¶ Laverne RASMUSSEN		South Beach, Oregon 97366
			503-867-3463
	1. Ricky David KUNZ II	2-10-1981	
5.	Loran Twayne KUNZ	9-12-1961	(Same as Richard's - temp.)
	¶ Jesusita LUCIO		
	1. Natassia Suzie KUNZ	4-18-1982	
	2. Nichole	11-28-1984	
1.2.2.	Bonnie Jean KUNZ	11- 2-1931	1567 Stanford Street
	¶ Keith CRANE	6-26-1926	Layton, Utah 84041
			801-544-2352
	1. De Ann CRANE	1-26-1961	301 North Main #161
	¶ Jeff SHUMWAY	4- 3-1960	Layton, Utah 84041
			801-546-6553
	1. Danille SHUMWAY	12- 2-1983	
	2. Loran Keith CRANE	1- 6-1965	(Same as Bonnie's)
1.2.3.	Betty Louise KUNZ	8- 6-1942	1203 Sears Drive
	¶ Chester I. BISHOP	1-19-1937	Ontario, Oregon 97914
			503-889-9230
	1. Kirk H. BISHOP	8- 3-1958	3450 Granada Ave. #54
			Santa Clara, CA 95154
			408-985-6668
	2. Teresa Louise BISHOP	10-19-1961	701 King
	¶ Tracy G. SILVER	4-22-1960	Cottonwood, Idaho 83522
			208-962-3452
	1. Angela Danne' SILVER	6- 8-1984	
	3. Neil Irwin BISHOP	8-12-1964	234 College
			Salem, Oregon 97308
			503-371-4323
1.3.	Viola KUNZ	10-20-1904 *	
1.4.	Merwayne Aaron KUNZ	7- 9-1906 *	

EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ & DAVID J. KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

1.5.	Nora Nellie KUNZ ¶ Holen Leon HANCOCK	12-11-1910 9- 1-1910	1519 Rochester Street Caldwell, Idaho 83605 208-459-3135
1.6.	Ethel Ella KUNZ ¶ Elwood Albert HANSEN ¶ Thiel H. JOHNSON	8-12-1914 2-17-1913 * 7- 1-1912	Bear River City, Utah 84301 801-279-8630
1.6.1.	Darrell Elwood HANSEN ¶ Annette HILLIER	3-20-1935 8-10-1936	4837 South 3300 West Roy, Utah 84067 801-776-7403
1.	Randy Darrell HANSEN ¶ Danette BELNAP	5- 2-1955 5- 7-1956	2863 West 4975 South Roy, Utah 84067 801-773-7387
2.	Ricky H. HANSEN ¶ Sharon Lee OSTLER	7-26-1957 4-25-1957	1922 West 550 North West Point, Utah 84015 801-825-9232
	1. Ricky Shane HANSEN 2. Mandi HANSEN 3. Mark J. HANSEN 4. Angela Rae HANSEN 5. Douglas Wayne HANSEN	8- 8-1976 3-14-1978 8- 4-1979 1-11-1982 2- 7-1984	
3.	Lon H. HANSEN ¶ Marie FLOWERS	10-30-1959 9-25-1962	5410 South 7100 West Hooper, Utah 84315 801-773-7128
	1. Tyler James HANSEN	11-7-1983	
4.	Jackie Ann HANSEN ¶ Curtis Josiah CALL	2-18-1961 2-28-1958	2413 North 5000 West Hooper, Utah 84315 801-776-1715
1.7.	Ira Ray KUNZ ¶ Sussanah WYLER	7- 6-1917 *	1002 Samuel #66 Pocatello, Idaho 83204 208-232-3363
1.8.	Twayne KUNZ	4-28-1920 *	

* Deceased + Divorced ¶ Spouse

TRIBUTE TO EMMA CAROLINE AND DAVID J. KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1955

MOTHER...HER HEART KNEW NO BOUNDS...HER SYMPATHY NO ENDS
BY: LORAN T. KUNZ....WRITTEN DECEMBER 13, 1951

My Mother, "Emma", as she was affectionately known by all who knew her, was born in Montpelier, Idaho on January 29, 1883.

Born to Latter-Day-Saint parents, she lived and loved her religion throughout her entire life. From her early childhood to her dying breath she practiced a testimony that stirred the faith of others. Her humbleness brought her admiration from all and gentleness to the sick and afflicted gained her the undying respect and love of those who knew her and loved her.

After her Temple Marriage, Mother went with Father to Bern. Her bridal home was a humble one of logs with a dirt roof and roughly hewn board floors. Soon thereafter, she moved into a new loving home, built by Father. With her ambition and industry she kept this home immaculate and clean.

Mother and Father were hard workers and time was a precious gift of the Lord. They labored long and hard to make the most of it. Often she was left alone to raise the family and care for the home and children while Father worked away from home to make a little extra money. During these times, Mother milked the cows, kept a flock of chickens and gathered wood to keep her children warm. She mended, patched, knitted socks and mittens - even gleaned the wheat fields after harvest. To her work was a part of salvation, yet, no matter how many her jobs, nor how hard the toil she always found the time to be a devoted church member.

Always one to encourage young people to use their talents, she helped many a young inexperienced mother to care for the newborn and keep a tidy house. Mother enjoyed her hobbies of knitting, quilting and cooking and liked nothing better than to help a young mother learn these arts. Her own home was kept in such good order that she was always able to leave in at a moments notice to serve as a midwife or to help care for the afflicted in the community.

Mother was sustained in the Bern Ward Relief Society as the Treasurer in April of 1916 and held that position until she become President on July 9, 1916 and held this position until 1929. The only thing that ever kept her from a church meeting was sickness of others whom she could help.

During the time World War I was being fought and with the horrors of the war came the raging epidemic of flu. Mother became a familiar sight throughout the valley as she hurried from one stricken family to another leaving fresh bread, clean laundry, medicine and always a cheerful smile and sincere prayer. Her heart knew no bounds and her sympathy no end. Heavy rains, deep snow, bitter cold and driving blizzards were never able to keep her from the duties of housewife, mother, midwife and nurse.

Her joy came in service to her fellowmen and yet her life knew the pangs of pain as well. In spite of her vigorous life she suffered ill health for many years. She knew the depths of sorrow, having to lay three of her eight children and her beloved husband in the grave. She showed little of her pains and sorrows believing strongly that the problems of others were always greater than her own. In 1929 after an unsatisfactory trip to California she returned a year later. "Home again", as she said, back among the people I know and love. Mother, once again, I want you to know of my deep love for you.

TRIBUTE TO EMMA CAROLINE AND DAVID J. KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

TRIBUTE TO FATHER AND MOTHER
BY NORA K. HANCOCK, DAUGHTER

When asked to write a tribute to the lives of my Father and Mother, David J. and Emma Caroline Kunz, I am reminded of a statement that my Sunday School teacher made, a few Sundays ago.

"Ones success is measured by the amount of joy and happiness for which he is the cause of".

I feel that Mother and Father were both very successful people when measured by this statement. They had very little of this worlds goods and seldom as much as \$100 in the bank account and yet joy and happiness was what they were trying to give to all who knew them.

My father, David J., was born in Bern, Idaho and grew to manhood there. His father grazed cattle and made cheese out on Slug Creek during the summer months. Being the eldest child, David helped his father very much. He herded the cattle and rode a lot in those days of growing up. David J. completed the 8th grade and attended the Logan Academy for one year. He stayed with his grandparents who lived in Logan.

My mother, Emma Caroline was born in Montpelier, Idaho and was her parents eldest child. Her parents moved around quite a bit while she was growing up. She learned to work at a very young age as it was a large family and everything was processed in the home in those days. Stockings were knit by hand. Soap was homemade and all clothing also. She could bake bread, make cheese and butter and cook fairly well when she was real young and too short to reach the table, so Grandpa, Robert, made her a little stool to stand on when mixing bread and working at the table.

David J. was a rancher and stockman. His crops were hay and grain and he raised cattle on dry land which at times provided an income which was inadequate for a living. This being the case he would work away from home to earn additional money. Mother, Emma, would be left with the care of the family and livestock on these occasions.

As I remember Mother, she was always busy. If she made butter and she knew a neighbor had none, she would send one of us with a piece of butter and maybe a loaf of bread. She made such delicious bread. If there was a quilt to be made she was there unless she was ill or one of us children were ill. She took an interest in all motherless children in the community and saw that they were provided for, as well as her own family.

Mother was an ardent church worker. She served as the Relief Society President and also worked in the Primary, Sunday School and Mutual organizations. If she heard of a sickness or death in the community she went to their house and cared for them and assisted the Doctor by carrying out his instructions. She was born a nurse like artists come by their talents naturally.

TRIBUTE TO EMMA CAROLINE AND DAVID J. KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Father, David J., also worked in the church. He was Sunday School Superintendent and also a teacher. He worked in the Mutual Improvement Association and being a High Priest was active in his quorum. At the time of his death he was serving as a Stake Missionary. Father said many times that he was a "jack of all trades but a master of none". He could mend most anything, shoes, splice rope, mend harnesses and all of his farm machinery. He was a carpenter and could build log houses and he did quite a bit of work in the timber.

He helped to build the Bern Chapel and took a lot of pride in that beautiful little building. He helped with community projects and was a highly respected man and a good father who lived an exemplary life. He didn't ask us children to do what he didn't do himself.

My parents spread kindness, joy and a happiness to all who knew them. Their lives were truly successful and it behooves us all to try to achieve that degree of success.

BY: Nora

TRIBUTE TO EMMA CAROLINE AND DAVID J. KUNZ
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

MY UNCLE DAVID J.

As I reflect on my feelings about my Uncle David J., I get a clear picture of a great and noble man who faced life with courage and a determination to "endure to the end", giving joy and happiness all along the way.

As a young boy I had great respect for Uncle David J., knowing of his abilities to do most everything. The big beautiful house he built for his family, possibly the best in Bern, and the large hay and cow barn were monuments to his construction abilities. They stand sturdy and true today as the home occupied by President Montain D. and Bettie Kunz his family. I am sure they have enjoyed it even more by knowing that it was built by Uncle David J. and lived in by their Aunt Emma. It was in this home that their Grandma, Caroline, spent the last remaining days of her life.

Uncle David J. was a lover of fine draft animals and became the manager of a beautiful large brown stallion which was used by the farmers in the community to breed their mares. I remember this animal and the skill with which Uncle David J. handled him in the breeding process. I am sure that the horses, which were so important to the farmers, were better and more valuable because of his fine animal.

I remember when Ira and I were about 11 years old and attending school in the little red school house in Bern. Ira had broken his arm severely and it was apparently not set correctly and a piece of the bone made the skin protrude above the elbow. This bad arm caused him to be rather frail and some of the larger boys at school mis-treated him causing quite a commotion. In the final result the big boys tried to make it look like Ira was the bad guy. I came to his rescue and defended him with the teacher and she told Uncle David J. what I had done. Uncle David J. was so pleased that he bought me my first brand new pocket knife and I felt like it was the most beautiful thing in the world. I will never forget Uncle David J. for this kind thought.

One way you can measure a man is by his children. Uncle David J.'s eldest son, Horace, probably had more influence on me, for good, than any other person outside of my Mother and Dad. On arriving in California on February 1, 1941 he took me under his wing, and he and LeVeda cared for me for a week until I could get a place to live. From that day on until the day he died he served, without guile, as an example of honesty, integrity, love and service to me and all of his fellowman. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest Bishops the church has ever known. His influence on me as a relative, a friend, and a church leader will be with me throughout the eternities.

Uncle David J.'s son, Ira, was my lifelong friend, not only in school but in California. He unselfishly loaned me is automobile to drive to Utah to marry Virginia. Ira and I also hitch hiked to Boise one summer after high school graduation and there we were cared for by his wonderful brother, Loran and sweet wife, Irene. Their sweet kindness to us will forever remain in my heart.

I remember the trauma and sadness that befell Uncle David J. and Aunt Emma when their beautiful, strong, handsome intelligent son, Twayne, died. I am sure this was a terrible shock to them but in the final outcome only helped

TRIBUTE TO EMMA CAROLINE AND DAVID J. KUNZ
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

them to become stronger and more dedicated to the principles of the Gospel. I can just imagine what a beautiful reunion it was on the other side, as they one by one joined each other as an eternal family, with joy and happiness that can be found no other way.

In my final thought, I wish to express my thanks to the love that Uncle David J. showed to me and my parents. I want him and everyone to know that I love and appreciate him for his great life and the example he set for us.

By: DeVirl

MY AUNT EMMA

What beautiful words they are - - "My Aunt Emma". There was never in this world a more "Christ like" person, not only in spirit but in example. Throughout her entire life, each minute and hour, she went about quietly doing good and helping those needing care and attention. She was the "Florence Nightingale" of her community as well as her family. She, without thought for herself, dedicated her time and her talents to her fellowman.

In my mind's eye I still see her radiant smiling face, her fast walk and her intelligent and proper talk and counsel. I can still see her beautiful clean house and can still in memory smell the aroma of home made bread and delicious cookies. Yes, I can remember the nimble fingers which spent hundreds of hours in making beautiful home made quilts. I remember the choice hours that she and my Mother, Amy, spent together, night and day making literally dozens of quilts so we could all enjoy their warmth.

I remember the deep snow in winter in Bern, and the long lane from Aunt Emma's house to the road and then the long trip to the school house where she served as custodian after Uncle David J. died. Sometimes the blizzards were so fierce that you could hardly see her from our house to the road, but she never failed to do her duty and carry out her work.

When my Mother, Amy, was so ill after two major operations, I remember that even though it was thought she would not recover, she did. At this very time My Aunt Emma quietly slept away, Mother being so ill that it was thought inadvisable to tell her of Aunt Emma's passing. Yes, some of us, who were very close to both Mother's illness and Aunt Emma's passing, felt that as a final gesture of love and compassion, Aunt Emma offered her life, leaving our Mother to spend many beautiful years with us. Yes, in death Aunt Emma gave as she did in life.

To my Aunt Emma, I pay a special tribute today for her life, her love, her compassion, her loyal loveable family and express my appreciation to her for the service she rendered to her family, her fellowmen and her God. I am sure there will always be a special place in Heaven for Aunt Emma, Uncle David and their wonderful family. Inclosing I want you to know "I love you Aunt Emma".

By: DeVirl

C H A P T E R 2

R O B E R T H E N R Y K U N Z

A N D

M A R T H A K U N Z K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ FAMILY

2.	Robert Henry KUNZ	10-22-1886	*	
	¶ Martha KUNZ	1- 3-1892	*	
2.1.	Vernon Leon KUNZ	10-11-1915		P. O. Box 161
	¶ Edna MADSEN	4-15-1905	*	St. George, Utah 84770
	¶ Lucile NELSON	3-26-1926		801-628-1470



ROBERT HENRY KUNZ
Sophisticated, conservative
and helpful



MARTHA KUNZ
Love and service her motto



VERNON LEON KUNZ
In the Military Service in the South Pacific
World War II

ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ FAMILY

HONORS TO MY DAD...ROBERT HENRY KUNZ
BORN OCTOBER 22, 1886...DIED JULY 24, 1955
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

My father died 30 years ago, yet he lives in the present as I daily reminisce and call to mind the impact for good he had on my life. He was born in a day when formal schooling was not emphasized nor was it always available. Yet I do not hesitate to call him an educated man. He could appraise a given situation, analyze it in the framework of the future, and provide wise counsel. When I listened and overcame my own willful desires and then heeded, I never went wrong. I learned that obedience was the better part of wisdom.

He believed in the value of education and provided me with the opportunity to attend at the Utah State University at Logan. Had he been afforded the same privileges in his youth he would have been highly successful. His mind was quick and retentive. Events of the day were pursued with interest. He would enter into a political discussion with enthusiasm. By the way, he espoused the Republican cause in any friendly debate.

During my early youth I spent many hours riding via team and wagon to Red Pine and over the Nounan Divide for a load of wood. He chopped and I snaked and loaded the wagon. Sometimes he would praise me for my efforts. It was on those occasions that we really communicated, and while he never verbally expressed it I knew that he loved me.

His contact with the outside world in a physical sense was limited. He did travel to the Southern States on a mission, but the confines of his own home, association with his neighbors and an occasional trip to Montpelier seemed to provide all the contact he required. If there was a head of hair to cut, a grave to dig, a beef or a hog to butcher, hay to stack or a fence to build he was there. There in he found his enjoyment. It was a free will offering without the thought or expectation of compensation.

Dad always had a testimony of the gospel and its truthfulness. He never questioned any point of doctrine. The word of the Prophets constituted truth in its purest sense. He usually attended Sacrament Meeting, but he did have a few ideas of his own. Seated one Sunday morning on the front porch a neighbor lady on her way to church called out..."Come on Robbie H. let's go to Sunday School," to which he replied..."I'll pass. Sunday School is only for women and small children". He was always direct and to the point.

While on his mission he came to know that the patriarch who gave him a blessing was truly inspired. He was told..."the briars shall be removed from thy pathway." He was never treated discourteously nor did he ever lack for a place to sleep.

He was unalterably opposed to debt. When he went to Salt Lake City to learn the barber trade he borrowed a few hundred dollars. He had some difficulty in repaying the obligation, and he never borrowed a cent from that time on. The philosophy filtered down to me and I became an ultra conservative in financial affairs. It may have saved me from bankruptcy at the worst and many sleepless nights at the best.

ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ FAMILY

He was unequivocally committed to the payment of tithing. That was ingrained in my consciousness. Through this example on that score I have come to feel that is about the only gospel principal I have observed in the very strictest sense both as to the the letter and the spirit of the law. As a result I have been blessed in countless ways, far in excess of merit or worthiness.

Dad suffered the ravages of leukemia. He knew what was coming. While in the hospital and in full possession of his faculties he received, a day or two before he passed away, visitors from the other side. I am comforted in the thought that when he finally gained release, that they were there again to usher him into a fairer land, where there is no death.

By: Vernon

ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ FAMILY

MY MOTHER...A LOVEABLE COMPASSIONATE SOUL...WITHOUT GUILF

BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

In thinking of my Mother, invariably the 25th chapter of Matthew comes to mind. Therein we are exposed to a scenario relative to the final judgement when the Savior shall come in His glory. Before him will be all nations and he, like the shepherd dividing the sheep from the goats, will say to those on his right hand, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world". The qualifications were for those who have been considerate of the stranger, clothed the naked and fed the hungry. My Mother exemplified these virtues. I do not believe there was a home in Bern she hadn't touched in a special way. Robert Schmid, her Bishop and neighbor for many years, expressed it thusly, and I quote:

When sorrow or death would come to a home, any home in the neighborhood, Aunt Martha would quietly come in the back way and stay as long as she could see anything that needed to be done. We as a family were blessed often by her helpfulness, given in a quiet unobtrusive way".

Early in life her father was called to serve a mission in Switzerland. He was away from the family for over three years. At the time of the call, Mom had 9 brothers and sisters and one was yet unborn. She recalled gathering clothing for her mother to wash and iron. Ill clad, in the cold blustery winters common to Bear Lake and pulling a sleigh behind her, she accepted the pick-up and delivery chore. She was never critical of those who called her father on the mission, or of the physical discomforts it brought to the family. Always she was uncomplaining, always concerned about the well being of others. The best of everything on the table was for someone else to consume and she ate what was left.

For most of her life she did not enjoy the comforts common to those of us who live in times of comparative luxury. When there was a family who displayed evidence of prosperity, there was no expression of jealousy. Envy or greed were not a part of her make up. She was happy for those who were blessed more than she.

Later in life she was employed by the Schmid Cleaning establishment in Montpelier. The work was demanding and arduous. However, she was impressed with Charlie and John Schmid and the other workers and she found it satisfying and rewarding.

When Dad was in Salt Lake Training for the barber trade, they made an agreement that she would meet him on a certain day to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. She missed the train. She suffered remorse and frustration. Would he think she had lost interest? Was the wedding off? She spent a sleepless night and boarded the train the next morning. He was waiting at the station - derby hat and all. Personally I'm happy she made it - or else????

In 1966 we moved her to Logan. She became increasingly dependent. Loss of sight, hearing, arthritis and other ailments ensued. In attempting to satisfy her needs and fulfill responsibilities to wife, job and church assignments, I'm sure she felt neglected. But, for the most part, she maintained her sense of humor and composure.

ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ FAMILY

My Dad and Mother both died on what might be termed special days. He on a holiday, July 24th, 1955 and she on Mothers Day which happened to fall on May 9th in 1982. Also, both of those days were on a Sunday. So on the first day of the week, as we measure time, they were both given a new start, a fresh beginning in a better world.

In serious moments of soul searching I am somewhat troubled and hounded by the thought that I have not lived faithfully enough to be with them. I am not sure of a place in the Celestial Kingdom. But at least I can gaze upward and say - "My parents are there. They fought and conquered. I am where I am because that is all I deserve".

By: Vernon

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT HENRY KUNZ AND MARTHA KUNZ
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

MY UNCLE BOB...MY PHILOSOPHER...MY BARBER...MY FRIEND

As I remember my Uncle Bob, Robert Henry Kunz, I get warm feelings about the deep friendship that I have for him. He was my Dad's older brother and and they loved to visit with each other in "Sweitzer Deutsch", with enough English inter mixed that I could pretty well tell what they were saying. They both loved to act out the event that they were discussing. In fact it was quite a show to watch. I enjoyed being a part of these happy meetings.

In my growing up years I didn't realize that every family did not have the rare privilege of having a barber who cut hair without pay and was always available. Yes, Uncle Bob, was the only barber who ever cut my hair from the time I was born until I left for college when I was 18 years of age. Not only did he cut my hair, but he cut the hair of all of Grandpa's family living in and around Bern and as near as I could tell he did it without pay. I remember when we would go sometimes Mother would give us a piece of cheese or some eggs to give to Uncle Bob and, of course, he usually acted like he didn't want it.

I remember what appeared to me to be a huge mirror on the wall where you could watch the hair cutting operation and the big swivel chair that you could raise and lower. I wonder who has the mirror and the chair today. I can also feel, in memory, the sharp little pains caused by the pulling of the mechanical clippers as he went up the back of my neck. We were taught not to complain if they pulled a little.

I can still remember the philosophical discussions that went on while I was in the barber chair. I believe Uncle Bob was one of the few people in the family who took the time and would discuss points of interests with us kids. Yes, I remember Uncle Bob would talk politics both local and national and always was reading the newspaper getting more good information. He had an opinion on most every subject and was one of our country's first real conservatives. He knew that it was up to him and him alone to get through life. He was a solid Republican. The whole family was. Fred Barfuss, his next door neighbor, was a Democrat, and everyone felt sorry for him because they felt he was mis-led.

I remember Uncle Bob as the Ward Clerk who sat on the little raised stand in the old Bern meeting house and took the notes on everything that went on in church. I remember him walking down the isle to count those in attendance. His hand writing was beautiful and I always felt that it must be because he held the pen between his first and second finger.

Uncle Bob was the only one of Grandpa's children who went on a Mission for the Church. He labored in the Southern States and I recall him telling of his missionary experiences and his love for his mission president. I believe his name was President Callis. I remember thinking that Uncle Bob must be a great man who knew much about the gospel to have done all of these things.

I recall the little two room log home that Uncle Bob built for his family on a lovely lot in Bern. I remember him having a barn which he put his hay in from the lot but I don't remember him ever having any cows. It seems that in the early time of my life I remember him having some horses in the barn. I believe that barn was mostly for effect since everyone in Bern had a barn.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

I recall the wood shed filled with clean round short cut aspen blocks that Uncle Bob had taken from the aspen groves of the Bern hills. The schedule was to leave early, cut and bring in a load, take it to Grandpa Robert's home and saw it with the old one piston engine and haul the blocks to his home and stack them neatly before the sun went down. This was always a real hard day but the warmth that the wood furnished when burned in the old kitchen stove during the cold winter months made it all worthwhile.

I never went home after leaving to go to college that I didn't stop by and report in to Uncle Bob and Aunt Martha. There was always something there for me, a hair cut, a cookie, or a word of philosophy or counsel. I recall when I was 17 years of age and was leaving to go to work on a "Gandhi Gang" at Opal, Wyoming, I stopped by their home to tell them what I was doing. Uncle Bob gave me this advice, "Bud, just remember they will be building railroads long after you are dead and gone, so pace yourself, don't try to do it all and leave something for tomorrow". I used his counsel, paced myself and lasted 6 weeks on the toughest work I have ever done in my whole life.

Uncle Bob was a handsome man who walked straight and stood tall, even though he was only about five feet eight inches tall. He had dark black shinny hair that he parted in the middle and kept combed perfectly at all times. He was always well groomed, wearing bib overalls during the week and then on Sunday he would dress in a nice suit. He drove a Model "T" Ford automobile with a square top for many years and I can still, in my minds eye, see him going for town in it. I wonder where that old car is today. I would love to see it once again.

My Uncle Bob probably never had very much money but as kids we thought he did. He always saved his money, realizing "a penny saved is a penny earned". When the banks went under in the crash of 1929, Uncle Bob didn't lose any money since he had it buried in a bottle in his wood shed. He was the only person in Bern who had any money during the depression.

Uncle Bob didn't ever work steady for anyone. He would take jobs on the county road or work in the fields. He was always willing to help his Father and Brothers in the fields when the hay needed to go in. I am sure he did this without pay. In fact I believe he assisted every family in Bern on a continuing basis throughout his life.

I have only fond sweet memories for my Uncle Bob and am grateful for the contribution he made to my life. He enjoyed in our successes and worried about us in our set backs or sickness. He like his Mother and Father loved the Lord and his fellowmen, paid his tithing and set an example for good for all of us to emulate. I want Uncle Bob to know that I love him very much.

By: DeVirl

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT HENRY AND MARTHA KUNZ
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

MY AUNT MARTHA...A DEDICATED WIFE AND MOTHER

It is not possible to think about Vernon or Uncle Bob without having sweet thoughts about Aunt Martha (Aunt Marth, as we all called her). She was dedicated to husband and to her great son, Vernon. She was always present, caring for the home, cooking the meals and being the influence for good to all of us.

I can still recall her warm greeting as she called me by name, on entering her home, giving me the impression that I was pretty important to her. I can truly say that I loved my Aunt Martha and up until the day she died I would drop by Manti, on my way to or from California, to see her and to feel the love that she, Vernon, Edna and now Lucile gave to me.

I remember how hard Aunt Martha worked, not only in her home, but as she assisted the families in Bern. I remember she was the one who moved in and cared for the Schmid children when new babies were being born. She also cared for us as children when my Mother was giving birth to her babies. She would clean house, cook, wash clothes and give much tender loving care. We could not have done without her.

She took the job I left in the Wiley Williams Coffee Shop, in Montpelier, earning 75 cents a day for eight hours of hard work as a dishwasher. She followed this by working for the Schmid Cleaners for many years and I imagine she only earned about \$2 a day there. One of her biggest problems, since she did not drive a car, was getting to and from Montpelier to work, both in summer and the dead of winter. The Charlie and John Schmid Families loved and appreciated her very much.

After Uncle Bob died, Aunt Martha moved to Logan where she could be near her sister, Ruth, and some of her brothers. From there she moved to Manti to be near her wonderful son, Vernon. Vernon is her pride and joy and she has real reason to be proud of him. He is one of the "Great Kunzs" and one we are all proud of. He was the banker in Manti for most of his life. He was a great leader in the church, being a Stake President and now a Patriarch for his Stake. He is a very gifted speaker and we have called on him to speak at many funerals. He gave beautiful, eloquent talks at both at my Mother's and at Foster's funerals. We are so thankful to Vernon for his deep and sincere love and assistance to all of us. Since Foster's death I have adopted him to take his place. He has been a true friend to me throughout my entire life. His Mother can take great satisfaction in her wonderful son.

Aunt Martha lived a happy life, enduring to the end, always staying close to the Lord and to her family. I shall remember her as an unpretentious soul with a beautiful countenance and a warm and affectionate greeting for everyone. I want Uncle Bob and Cousin Vernon, (my adopted brother) to know that I have deep and warm feelings for my Aunt Martha and that I love her very much.

By: DeVirl

C H A P T E R 3

A L V I N N E P H I K U N Z

A N D

A M Y M A T I L D A K U N Z K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ



ALVIN & AMY
Beautiful parents
much in love



ALVIN & AMY
An honest and loving
Mom and Dad



AMY MATILDA & ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ
A beautiful young couple on their
Wedding Day - November 11, 1914



FOSTER MERLEN KUNZ
On Old Paint - About 1940

ALVIN NEPHI & AMY MATILDA KUNZ FAMILY



ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ - AMY MATILDA KUNZ
KENNETH KEITH KUNZ - FOSTER MERLEN KUNZ - DEVIRL ALVIN KUNZ - MERLYN JENSEN
The family was together on Alvin and Amy's Golden Wedding Anniversary
November 11, 1964

Note: Alvin's pride, Amy's beauty and Merlyn's dimples



DEVIRL, MERLYN, FOSTER, KENNETH
About 1927



MERLYN KUNZ JENSEN
An angel of mercy to everyone

ALVIN NEPHI & AMY MATILDA KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

3.	Alvin Nephi KUNZ	9-14-1888 *	
	¶ Amy Matilda KUNZ	5-12-1897 *	
3.1.	Foster Merlen KUNZ	1-25-1916 *	
	¶ Helena MILLARD	2- 6-1919	6919 South 855 East Midvale, Utah, 84047 801-566-6376 12602 Prospect Dr. (winter) Sun City West, Az. 85375 602-584-0304
3.1.1.	Diane KUNZ	7-22-1945	P.O. Box 1276
	¶ Charles Warren SMITH	3-15-1948	1004 Cottonwood Dr. Windsor, Colo. 80550 303-686-5255
	1. Corrie Ann SMITH	9- 7-1966	
	2. Trevor John SMITH	12-22-1969	
	3. Charles Montane SMITH	7- 9-1980	
	4. Warren Edward SMITH	8-24-1983	
3.1.2.	Gary Millard KUNZ	1-15-1947	P.O. Box 2377 500 Palisades Mountain Dr. Windsor, Colo. 80550 303-686-9330
3.1.3.	Blair Lee KUNZ	11-17-1952	2310 Alta Canyon Dr.
	¶ Marco BERG	7-16-1955	Sandy, Ut. 84092 801-943-2080
3.1.4.	Milan Foster KUNZ	9-28-1954	8494 Snowville Dr.
	¶ Leslie NIVEN	1-16-1955	Sandy, Ut. 84092 801-943-1833
	1. David Foster KUNZ	1-25-1983	131-8 Kirkbride Rd. (temp) Voorhees, N. J. 08043 609-772-0003
3.2.	DeVirl Alvin KUNZ	6-22-1918	344 Cerro St.
	¶ Virginia SMITH	8- 6-1919	Encinitas, CA 92024 619-436-3946
3.2.1.	Patricia KUNZ	10-23-1942	26128 Ravenhill Rd.
	¶ Howard Phillip MCKEON	9- 8-1938	Canyon Country, Ca. 91351 805-251-4525
	1. Tamara Lee MCKEON	9- 5-1963	4344-J West Point Loma Blvd
	¶ John Wells MORRISON Jr.	4-10-1957	San Diego, CA 92107 619-222-2811
	2. Howard DeVirl MCKEON	1-19-1965	Portugal Mission
	3. John Matthew MCKEON	7-18-1966	
	4. Kimberly Ann MCKEON	3-11-1969	
	5. David Owen MCKEON	7-13-1973	
	6. Tricia Selina MCKEON	5-26-1975	

ALVIN NEPHI & AMY MATILDA KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

3.2.2.	Ardys KUNZ	12-28-1944	1150 North 75 East
	¶ David William RADDATZ	8-21-1943	Orem, Ut. 84057
			801-224-0054
	1. John David RADDATZ	10- 6-1970	
	2. Michael William RADDATZ	6- 2-1972	
	3. Heidi RADDATZ	9- 1-1975	
	4. Heather RADDATZ	1-19-1977	
	5. Mark DeVirl RADDATZ	5-15-1978	
	6. Stephanie RADDATZ	1-27-1982	
3.2.3.	Dorothy KUNZ	7- 5-1952	13071 South 1765 West
	¶ John Fay DEARDEN	4-22-1949	Riverton, Ut. 84065
			801-254-4175
	1. Brian Fay DEARDEN	7-14-1977	
	2. Camille DEARDEN	4-19-1979	
	3. Craig DeVirl DEARDEN	1-21-1981	
	4. Merilee DEARDEN	2-17-1984	
3.2.4.	Joyce Lee KUNZ	12-19-1956	3204 South 4880 West
	¶ Gary Dale PECK	9- 2-1956	West Valley City, Ut. 84120
			801-967-0257
	1. Chrystal Virginia PECK	3-30-1979	
	2. Gary Clifford PECK	1- 5-1982	
	3. Elizabeth Nedra PECK	4- 2-1984	
	4. Kathryn Amy PECK	4- 2-1984	
3.3.	Merlyn KUNZ	9- 4-1920	350 North Third
	¶ Grant W. JENSEN	8-30-1918	Montpelier, Id. 83254
			208-847-1549
3.3.1.	Ronald Grant JENSEN	3-30-1943	14023 West Alaska Dr.
	¶ Gene Christin NIELSEN	2-28-1946	Lakewood, Colo. 80228
			303-985-5533
	1. Clark Ronald JENSEN	12-22-1966	
	2. Eric Vincent JENSEN	11-17-1970	
3.3.2.	Mary Lynn JENSEN	6- 1-1945	949 North Ridge
	¶ Kelly King MATTHEWS	5-24-1944	Bountiful, Ut. 84010
			801-298-2785
	1. Maria Lynn MATTHEWS	12-12-1968	
	2. Bradford Kelly MATTHEWS	11- 3-1971	
	3. Teresa Kathryn MATTHEWS	7- 8-1976	
3.3.3.	Marsha Ann JENSEN	2-25-1952	1762 Corcoran N. W. #4
	¶ John HUNT	11-21-1936	Washington, D. C. 20009
			202-387-2318

ALVIN NEPHI & AMY MATILDA KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

- 3.4. Kenneth Keith KUNZ 10-24-1922 1321 Yale Ave.
¶ Laura JACKSON 9- 7-1922 Salt Lake City, Ut. 84105
801-583-0327
- 3.4.1. Clyde KUNZ 9-25-1943 3414 South Bountiful Blvd.
¶ Claudia BURTON 7-25-1945 Bountiful, Ut. 84010
801-298-4305
1. Brandon Burton KUNZ 1-27-1971
2. Ryan Burton KUNZ 3-10-1972
3. Jennifer KUNZ 11-28-1973
4. Justin Burton KUNZ 7- 3-1975
5. Jared Burton KUNZ 9-23-1979
- 3.4.2. Keith Jackson KUNZ 9-15-1944 1121 Bonneville Dr.
¶ Katherine LITTLE 2- 2-1945 Salt Lake City, Ut. 84108
801-583-0260
1. Elizabeth KUNZ 9- 8-1969
2. Emily KUNZ 12- 6-1973
3. David Andrew KUNZ 9-28-1975
4. Deborah KUNZ 3-28-1977
5. Anthony Little KUNZ 12-19-1978
6. Amy Annette KUNZ 2- 4-1981
- 3.4.3. Dwight Jackson KUNZ 2-14-1945 903 St. James Ave.
¶ Mildred Lois ELIASON 2- 3-1947 Orange, CA 92665
714-974-3398
1. Spencer Eliason KUNZ 5-23-1972
2. Natalie KUNZ 12- 6-1974
3. Jeanette KUNZ 4- 4-1976
4. Charlynn KUNZ 10-10-1977
5. Marjorie Lorraine KUNZ 11-21-1979
6. Bryce Eliason KUNZ 3- 8-1982
7. Kenneth Eliason KUNZ 5-16-1984
- 3.4.4. Calleen KUNZ 9-17-1948 2653 North 1050 West
¶ Kim Hale MARTINDALE 10- 8-1951 Clinton, Ut. 84105
801-776-1142
1. Casey Kunz MARTINDALE 8-20-1974
2. Chad Wallace MARTINDALE 11-25-1975
3. Courtney Ann MARTINDALE 6-19-1978
4. Chelsea MARTINDALE 5-17-1981
5. Craig Kunz MARTINDALE 10- 1-1982
- 3.4.5. Garth Jackson KUNZ 6- 8-1950 2619 West Everettwood Dr.
¶ Susanne M. CLEVERLY 10- 8-1949 West Jordan, Ut. 84084
801-967-3082
1. Leah Susanne KUNZ 12-10-1974
2. Robert Garth KUNZ 4-14-1976
3. Laura Marie KUNZ 7-26-1979
4. Daniel Cleverly KUNZ 4- 2-1982 *
5. Jacob Cleverly KUNZ 6-20-1983
6. Rebecca KUNZ 5-22-1985

ALVIN NEPHI & AMY MATILDA KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

3.4.6.	Janna KUNZ	10-22-1952	80 North 4th East I-14 American Fork, Ut. 84003 801-756-4669
3.4.7.	Brenda KUNZ	8- 7-1957	5085 Caribbean Way
	¶ Lindsi Snow CANEVARI	3-23-1954	Murray. Ut. 84107 801-262-9342
	1. Julie Snow CANEVARI	3-20-1980	
	2. Wendy Snow CANEVARI	4- 5-1983	
		10-17-1985	
3.4.8.	Lorraine KUNZ	11-21-1960	1319 Yale Ave.
	¶ Halston Toronto DAVIS	10- 9-1959	Salt Lake City, Ut. 84105 801-583-8377
	1. Camille DAVIS	11-18-1981	
	2. Taylor Kunz DAVIS	3-12-1982	
	3. Parker Kunz DAVIS	10-23-1984	
3.4.9.	Marnae KUNZ	12-10-1964	1636 East Stanley Dr.
	¶ Kent Calvin BROADHEAD	4-11-1959	Sandy, Ut. 84097 801-572-2689-
			562-1553
3.5.	Junior KUNZ	5-21-1924 *	
3.6.	Lamont Jay KUNZ	11- 6-1929 *	

* Deceased +Divorced ¶Spouse

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

EXCERPTS FROM FAMILY HISTORY OF ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY FOSTER M. KUNZ - 1979

LIFE AND WORK WITH DAD

"Dad was a hard-working conscientious person. He worked at a fast pace, often breaking into a half-run as he moved from one task to another. He was an intense person, and I presume I acquire from him the same characteristic. Although he joked and kidded with neighbors and others, he seldom did with me. His thoughts and concerns were centered on the work at hand or that which was yet to be done."

"Normally, Dad was pleasant and agreeable to work with and be around. He treated me like an adult, and I felt that he expected as much from me as he would from an adult. Only on rare occasions did he become angry or upset with me. When this did occur, his anger was quite apparent.

Dad set a wonderful example of honesty and integrity before us in his dealings with people. He always gave full measure for what he received. He dealt honestly with those who participated in the dairy. He kept accurate records of the milk, and if there was any doubt as to what a person should receive, it was resolved in favor of the person. Farmers often left their milk on the back porch of the dairy without it being weighed. They trusted him, and to my knowledge, his honesty was not questioned.

Dad was honest with the Lord in the payment of his tithes. He contributed of his time freely on projects in the community, at church and in helping those in need.

Many times, he and I harnessed one or two horses, often late at night, hitched them to a pair of bobsleds, or Dad would ride one, as he went to pull a stranded motorist out of a deep snow drift along his field or near the Outlet. This was a rather common occurrence during our heavy winters and spring thaws when the road was mud and ruts.

On occasion, he helped neighbors, slaughter hogs or a beef, repair fences, or finish hauling hay as storms threatened. Such deeds were common among the people of Bern. Neighbors came to help us when needed as much as we helped them.

Dad taught good principles of conduct by living them. He seldom discussed or talked to me about how one should live, but he set the right examples for us to follow.

He, like the rest of us, had his weaknesses, but his efforts were always directed to that which was right. I knew that he loved me and would place my interest, my safety and well-being above his own. Many times, he protected me from injury or made sure I knew how to work safely. He was deeply concerned and very considerate when I was ill or had hurt myself. His many good characteristics became clear to me as I worked with others in life who didn't adhere to the same principles which he followed.

Dad took great pleasure in our school accomplishments, as we were growing up. He did not help us with our school work, but he always encouraged us and

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

made time for us to accomplish it. It was Mother who gave us the help and continued encouragement necessary to meet our school assignments. Dad had a good knowledge of basic mathematics and could make mental calculations easily. He had an excellent knowledge of land measurements, product weights and measures, but had no formal training in grammar, writing, literature and the like. Consequently, he did not offer help to us in these areas."

"Dad had great love for his parents and his brothers and sisters. He was happy when he was with them. Normally he spoke to them in their native Sweitzer-Deutsch which I could not understand. However, there was usually enough mix of English words with the German that I could follow the gist of their conversations. They had a good time talking with each other and visiting together. Their conversations were light and happy and with good feeling. Even while they were working at a feverish pace, which seemed to be their habit, they enjoyed the occasion and the opportunity to discuss things of common interest.

I remember all of his brothers working with us from time to time. Oneal was an excellent mechanic, and when we had major breakdowns or difficulties, he helped us. Delmar, Earl and Bob gave us a lift whenever we needed it, and we went to their aid in hauling hay or grain when it was needed. Uncle Louis moved to Montpelier when I was a small boy, but when he came to Bern, we were glad to see and visit with him. He and Dad had worked closely as boys when growing up, and a close feeling existed between them. Uncle Louis has done many things for my parents in their home, and we are grateful to him and others for their willingness to help when we needed it.

Much love existed between Dad, his parents and brothers and sisters. They were not demonstrative in their love, but their family ties were strong and lasting.

Dad had great faith in the Lord. We had family prayers every day, and we were taught to offer our prayers before going to bed at night. Dad always attended Priesthood meeting and Sacrament meetings. He did not attend Sunday School, but he made certain that we did each Sunday.

He was faithful in doing his ward teaching. This he did every month from the time he was old enough until he became unable to do it because of physical disabilities. He went first with Uncle David J. Kunz, and the two of them visited the entire ward starting early in the day.

Dad had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. I never detected any wavering or questioning on this."

"Dad had great respect for the leaders of the Church and taught us to have the same respect for them. He supported them to the best of his abilities. We always attended Stake Conferences in Montpelier in the Tabernacle. These were great spiritual occasions, and we enjoyed them.

The Bern Ward was a family ward. Most members were related through the Kunz family. There was a spirit of brotherly love and good will for each other not often found in other wards. People would, from time to time, have minor disagreements but a feeling of love and good fellowship prevailed among all when illnesses or difficulties occurred."

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

"Dad's life spanned a few months less than 90 years. We are grateful that the Lord gave him good health for most of his years and grateful for the good influence he exerted upon our lives. We miss him and his love for each of us. He was always happy to have us come home, and he hated to see us leave, but such is life. So he has left us now for a time. Our thoughts are now directed toward the time when we can meet and be with him again as he waits for our arrival in the life to come.

Many wonderful tributes were paid to Dad during his last days and following his passing. President Montain D. Kunz and Bishop Leland Kunz paid tribute to him and his good life in their remarks at his funeral. Friends and acquaintance came from all over the valley to express their feeling for Dad. We were deeply touched by the kind thoughts and sincere expressions of love which were offered by friends and relatives.

The following poem written as a tribute to Dad by Nora Kunz Hancock, Dad's niece and daughter of his dear sister Emma, is indicative of the feeling of those who knew him well. We are grateful to Nora for this beautiful expression.

HE WALKS YOUNG AGAIN

He steps forth to meet "Our Lord".
So agile and in one accord
with youth, his smile is bright,
His new gained freedom, Oh so light.

His wavy light brown hair is tossed
by heavenly breeze, the gray is lost.
Eyes shining bright with faith and truth,
Just as they did back in his youth.

Mature, but youthful is his stance,
A loving father, one last glance
on earthly children, he bestows,
He taught them well thru all life's woes.

He gave them all he could in life,
success and pleasure with little strife.
They have to learn to walk alone,
Now their father has gone home.

His sweet companion by his side,
the word "help-mate" personified.
Beloved by all whom she has known,
Blessed mother, in a lovely home.

He walks young again, I'm told,
No more aches or pain or cold.
with those who have gone on before,
he waits for us at heaven's door.

-- Nora Kunz Hancock-- In memory of my Uncle Alvin

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

With similar respect Dorothy Kunz Dearden, one of his lovely
Granddaughters, expressed her love for her Grandfather in these words:

A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDPA

Have you ever seen a cuter man than he?
With twinkling eyes, and laughing smile,
My Grandpa's wit is keen,

The stories of his boyhood, were his favorite conversation.
Making cheese and milking cows,
Without a single vacation.

Now, a farmer's work is never done, his days were long and hard.
With cows to milk and fields to plow,
And chicks and pigs in his back yard.

His hearing may have failed him, and his stature became small,
But Grandpa's testimony
Never wavered, or faltered at all.

He's a great and shining example of how we all should live.
To love the Lord, to do his will,
To work, to serve, to give.

My Grandpa is so special, I couldn't love him more.
Alvin Nephi Kunz,
What a great, good man you are.

--With love from Granddaughter, Dorothy

By: Foster

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

EXCERPTS FROM FAMILY HISTORY OF ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY FOSTER M. KUNZ - 1979

MOTHER AND HOME

"I have nothing but the fondest and most loving thoughts of my mother. She is a dear, sweet soul who has given her life fully and completely for her family. Her life has been one of complete selflessness. She concentrated her time, her efforts and all of her abilities on making our home a place of love and happiness for all of us.

Her tender and sweet guidance throughout our lives has created the sweetest relationship one might experience in life.

She mothered her children as a loving hen would watch after her little chicks, and she kept us close under her loving care at all time.

From the day of my earliest recollection, she helped me accomplish every task I had. My earliest childhood memories center around her care for us in the home and the love she showered upon each of us.

I recall vividly the great sorrow which she experienced when our two youngest brothers, Junior and Lamont, died as infants. I remember how she struggled to save the lives of these little boys, how she held them, walked with them and prayed for them. I remember Uncle Rob committing one of them to the hands of the Lord, after which he passed away within a short time. I am sure I was too young to feel as they did, but I won't forget the sorrow they had.

I don't have a good recollection of my childhood. Although I was the oldest, I don't recall my Mother being pregnant with my brothers and sister. I do recall being taken to Uncle Bob and Aunt Martha's home for a day and being brought back by Aunt Martha who told us we had a new baby at our home. I recall two or three women being in our home on one or more occasions that a child was born, and I remember seeing my Mother in bed with one of the children shortly after birth. I also remember Dr. Ashley being at our home either before or after one of the children was born. Mother gave birth to six children, carried them and gave birth to them without any evidence to me that she was experiencing anything more than normal. I don't remember the extra work, the struggles and challenges which she must have had during these periods. I presume that she continued through child bearing doing her regular work as always, without complaint, accepting all of it as part of her duty and responsibility.

We were all born in our home, and I believe Dr. Ashley delivered all of us. I remember him as a kind and considerate doctor who was good to Mother.

Mother always encouraged and helped us with our school work. I don't recall her actually studying with me, but I do remember her encouraging me when assignments were difficult.

When I had a problem or assignment which was difficult, she would tell me I could do it if I just studied it out and tried a little harder. When we were young we worked around the kitchen table which was then located in the

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

middle of our front room. The front room included what is now the living room and the kitchen. I remember studying under a coal-oil lamp and then a gas lamp with large cloth mantles. Occasionally, we would bump the lamp or touch one of the mantles and it would disintegrate. Then we had to turn the lamp off, put on another mantle and turn the light back on. I think we started the light by striking a match and holding it under the mantles with the fuel turned on. When electricity was brought to our community, long after it had been available in Montpelier, it was an exciting time. To be able to flip a switch and have light was remarkable. I remember my parents discussing whether we could afford to have the electrical connections.

Not too long after we had electricity, perhaps a year or two, we obtained our first radio. It was a cabinet style which stood about 30 inches high and was about 24 inches wide. If I remember correctly, it was an Antwerp unit.

Mother worked from early morning until late at night. Although she worked hard, I don't remember her complaining nor indicating that her lot was hard. I do remember her being very tired at night on many occasions. Despite this, I don't think she gave any thought to the fact that she did work hard. She accepted this as a matter of life like seeing the sun come up and go down each day.

I remember her washing the clothes on our back porch during the summer months and in the kitchen in the winter time. Many times, I helped her scrub clothes on a washboard with the board in an old wash tub resting on chairs. We would then wring them by hand or through an old hand wringer attached to the side of the tub. It was a great day when we purchased our first Maytag washer, and what a blessing it was. It had a small quarter horse power motor mounted on a shelf under the washer. The wringer was mounted on the top and side, so it could be swung over or off the washer as desired. After a time, the motor became difficult to start. Later, we obtained an electric washer (Maytag) which was more dependable. Wringing clothes through a power dryer was so much easier than by hand or by rolling them through a hand-turned wringer. Because I had seen my mother work so hard washing and drying clothes, heavy dirty overalls, shirts, underwear, sheets, etc., one of the first things I bought for her when I could afford it was a modern, electric washer and a dryer. I wish we could have had them when we were young. I also remember Mother washing diapers by the score and hanging them along with other clothes on the lines in back of the house. In the winter time, clothes hung on the line would freeze. We were glad when warm weather came so we could hang the clothes on the lines again.

In addition to her household duties which never ended, Mother helped Dad make the cheese much of the time. When I was young she did not milk cows, but later she did on a regular basis. When I became old enough to do it, I milked with Dad. I remember she could milk faster than either Dad or I. She was highly skilled in this "art", having learned it from her parents when she was a young girl in Williamsburg. There the girls milked along with the men.

Mother provided well for us in our home. We had good, wholesome meals and plenty of food. We usually had fried potatoes with our meals. These we called "ruschties". Often we had boiled or mashed potatoes, but fried potatoes seemed to have top priority. I enjoyed them, and have always believed mother could prepare them better than anyone. We had bacon and eggs for breakfast. In fact, breakfast was a big meal. So was lunch or dinner as

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

we called it, and "supper" was always good, too. We never lacked for food. While going to school in Bern, we came home for lunch, had an hour off, and had good meals.

Food preparation must have been a big job for Mother. I recall having my breakfast alone before others in the family because I had to take the cows to the field after they were milked. In the winter time, we did the chores first, then had breakfast.

Each night when we went to bed, Mother had us kneel by our bed and offer our prayers. Sunday was always a welcome day to me, although there was work to be done early and late in the day. However, it gave us a break from the busy schedule of other working days. The time after Sacrament Meetings seemed restful to me, but I remember my reluctant feeling when it was time to do the evening chores on Sundays. Even on Sunday, Mother continued to prepare meals and do those things which were necessary, but it was a day of rest for all of us.

Good mothers have always had to work to care for their families, and I am sure many worked like our mother did, but I don't know how anyone could have worked more than she.

Whenever we had an injury, a sliver, a cut finger, a bruise, all common incidents on a farm, Mother cared for them. She would pull the sliver with a needle, cover a bruise with mentholatum or iodine and dress the injury with white cloth torn into strips. When we had colds or deep chest coughs, she would apply a mustard plaster. How I hated them. They were messy, cold and I think the only good they did was to give Mother the feeling that she was treating the condition. Adlerika and castor oil were the old stand-bys for disorder of the digestive system. Adlerika had a bitter taste and castor oil was terrible. But with nothing else available, this had to do and it seemed to do the trick; at least we survived.

Saturday nights were always the time for our weekly baths when we were small. Mother would prepare a large tub of water heated on top of the stove or taken from the reservoir on the side of the stove, and one by one, we would take our baths. Mother washed our backs and would then help us dry off before we "froze to death". In the summer time, baths were taken in the bedroom where there was no heat; in the winter time, we took our baths in the kitchen.

Each Sunday morning, we arose with a new lease on life, clean and only the animals to care for. This was a special day. We enjoyed Sunday School, perhaps were a little less enthusiastic about Sacrament Meetings because of the sermons, but in any event, they were welcome and restful release from the work of other days. We were taught well and though we didn't realize it then, I believe we received excellent spiritual training. As always, Mother was at the center of all that went on on the Sabbath Day. Getting us ready for church was no small chore, cooking meals, washing dishes and keeping the household in proper keel, but she did it with grace and with a great amount of love and affection for each of us. Such were the duties, and challenges of our good Mother. She seemed to retain her youthful appearance and strength throughout. To her, we shall forever be indebted, as we are to Dad, and both of them for their goodness, their loving care and their never ending help and encouragement."

By: Foster

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

MY DAD AND ME
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

Dad was a handsome robust man about five feet eight inches tall with sparkling eyes and beautiful brown curly hair which he parted in the middle and providing a smooth round curl on each side. He never lost the curl even after his hair turned grey. I can still see him, in my mind, fixing that nice round swooping curl on each side. His eyes were blue green and laughing.

Dad was a strong man with a medium sized chest and neck. He could lift almost anything, in my opinion. I remember him lifting logs when he built the hay derrick and the log barns. In the canyon he would do the impossible by lifting the heavy logs on the wagon with Foster and I trying to assist. He seemed to have the strength to work and work.

Dad was always alert and had a keen mind with a quick wit. He was a fantastic actor and when he wanted to emphasize a point could portray his point with expression and feeling that was often very funny to watch. He was always quite serious minded with us children though. I presume he thought if he opened up too much with us that he might lose control.

I remember him as the one who provided the discipline, having a razor strap used to sharpen his blade razor hanging on the door knob and handy if it became necessary to correct one of us. It seems, in my mind, that I was the one who required the most discipline since Foster was the oldest and smartest and it seemed that I was always reacting to some situation which would make me look like the bad guy.

Dad's comfort zone during his life was limited to the Bear Lake valley. In his early life he once went with a train load of cattle to Omaha, Nebraska and on another occasion he and Mother went with Seth and his wife to visit the Capitol in Boise. Except for these two trips Dad never went farther than Salt Lake City and only there about four or five times. He was happy and content to live his life in the secure environment of his home territory.

In Dorothy's poem "A Tribute to Grandpa" she said "Without a single vacation", and this was literally true. I only remember the family going to Pocatello once to see Aunt Vera and Uncle Billy after they were first married and to Williamsburg one week end in the summer to visit Mother's family. On holidays such as the 4th and 24th of July Dad always felt compelled to work on some urgent project. I tried for many years to have him come to California to visit us but as near as I can determine he never even considered this.

As I perceive honesty, Dad was a totally honest man. You could trust him with your un-counted money. He was honest with his neighbors, his family and his Lord. He paid his tithing ahead of everything else, even to the point of putting a value on the farm products we consumed and paying a tithe on them. He was taught this by his beautiful Mother, my Grandma. She would count the eggs and pay tithing on the ones they ate. This ability to pay the Lord his tenth was transferred from Dad to all of his children, and on to the grandchildren. This has been one of the greatest blessings in our lives and has given much inner peace and security to all of us. I will be eternally grateful to him for this example.

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Dad never had much money and I recall vividly him standing in line in front of the bank in Montpelier in the crash of 1929. The banks had all closed and he was left without any money at all. I believe later on they got a small percentage of what they had on deposit. Uncle Bob was the smart one in the family and he did not trust banks so he kept his buried in a bottle in the wood shed. He was the only one who had any money during the depression. Even with all this, in his later years, Dad always had a purse full of money which he carried with him. He once had the misfortune to leave his purse with \$450 in it laying on the counter in the Bank. He never recovered this and even though it was sad he still continued to carry a full purse.

Dad loved Mother very much and I am sure he thought she was a beautiful lady, which she was. They were an attractive couple as you can see by their wedding pictures. I'm sure that Dad needed Mother more than we can ever imagine, not only as wife and companion but one who had the compassion, empathy, energy and love to raise a large family. Dad left much of this to her. She was the one we communicated through to him. It always seemed that we got the answer we wanted when we went to him through her.

After we left for college Dad didn't try to give direction or suggestions but let us find our way in the world communicating his thoughts and hopes through our beautiful Mother in letters, which I still have, and telephone calls. When we would call home it was always Mother who would talk and then she would tell Dad, as she always did, what we were doing and what our problems were. I think he loved to have her explain it to him. Mother along with our beautiful sister, Merlyn, and his father and brothers and sisters were his source of communication to his world.

Yes, my Dad was not only honest but he was dependable and amiable. I know he was able to think and feel with maturity and balance. He had a deep and abiding faith in the Lord and prayed to him on his knees night and morning throughout his life. Just knowing that he and Mother prayed for me each day was a source of strength and security to me throughout my entire life. I even believed that this was why I was successful in many things I attempted to do.

Even though Dad had limited formal education he was able to read and figure without difficulty. He wanted more than anything else for us to get college educations to prepare us to be able to compete in the world without having to work as hard as he and Mother. I remember him trying to sell some cheese to get money so we could register in college. I know he often sold a cow that he needed for income so that we could attend. He and my mother were probably the most giving of any people, never wanting for themselves and always wanting to give to those they loved.

I am sure that Dad's values in life were similar to mine with family solidarity being at the top of the list. I know that he had a deep love for our Heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. I know that through repentance and forgiveness that he will return to them.

Dad loved work in life and I am sure he will be just as busy in the life hereafter. I am sure as he always did he will give attention to those things he loves, that he will continue to have joy and true happiness through peace of mind. In closing I want to say, "Thanks for everything Dad, and I want you to know that I love you very much".

By: DeVirl

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MY BELOVED MOTHER - AMY
BY DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

My Mother, Amy Matilda Kunz, commonly called Mamie by those who knew and loved her, was one of the most beautiful women in the world. It is easy to understand why Dad waited for her to grow up, built a house for her before their marriage, courted her and won her heart and the acceptance of the family so that she could become his life long sweetheart, companion and Mother of his children.

The picture of her, recently enlarged by Marian, standing in front of the old log house with her family in Williamsburg, shows her to be a beautiful young lady of about 16 years. She was not only beautiful in her youth but throughout her entire life. She had dark beautiful hair until very late in life and she never really showed the rigors of life in her countenance. The Schmid blood that Grandma Mary gave her was prevalent and helped her to be the great and wonderful person she was.

My Mother understood, taught and practiced the virtues of hard work. She convinced me that free people never worked themselves to death and that any time of the day was a good time to work. She not only worked all day long on the normal everyday requirements but she used the very early morning time to make her quilts, do her sewing, write her letters and do her pondering and meditating. Her golden hours, while everyone else was asleep were, from 3 o'clock in the morning on.

The material things of life were not important to Mother as long as we as a family had the basic necessities of food, clothing and shelter. In her later years she kept her life simple by giving everything she and Dad had away, including their house and their farm, which they gave to us children many years before they passed on.

Mother was a very intelligent person, able to think and write in a very logical manner as shown by her journals and the beautiful letters we all received almost on a weekly basis throughout our entire lives. She believed strongly in education and wanted her children to attend universities at all cost or sacrifice to her and Dad. Without their ability to save and go without for themselves we would have never been able to go to school. Mother literally did make it possible for us to attend by supplying most of our food and sending it to us through the mail.

Mother was an excellent cook and we always had the best of food. Her home made bread was delicious and often as we returned home from school we would eat a whole loaf before going out to do the chores. Her canning was done to perfection with the basement being filled each fall with canned fruits and vegetables.

Mother was an excellent teacher and I am sure that there weren't many who lived in Bern who didn't attend a class of hers at one time or another. She loved the Priesthood leadership and respected them and followed their counsel at all times. In the last years of her life she and Dad had great respect for Brother and Sister Bunker, who were their Home Teachers. She was so appreciative of his teaching abilities and the deep love they showed to them. Bishop Bunker, as Mother always called him, wrote a most beautiful tribute to

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

Mother. I shall be eternally grateful to him for his kindness to them and to the entire family. I will include his tribute in this document. Thanks Bishop and Sister Bunker.

My Mother's faith was boundless. A blessing given through the power of the Priesthood by Uncle Rob Schmid was all that was necessary. Her cataracts in her eyes were completely healed, and after two operations, when by all odds she should have died, she was made well through these blessings and the power of prayer.

I don't believe that my Mother every had depression or worry. She was always doing too many productive positive things to let the negative get in her way. She literally made hundreds of beautiful quilts in her life time. I sleep under a quilt sewed by her at the present time and have a beautiful red king sized quilt that she made for us after we came to San Diego in 1973. It is so beautiful that I, even today, hesitate to use it. All of her children and Grandchildren have quilts she made that they sleep under today. I can imagine how hard she worked in preparing the Christmas packages to every member of the family each year.

My beloved Mother was always a source of strength and joy to me and my brothers and sister and our children. She was like the hub of a wheel that we all drew strength from, being the center of all information. We all relied on her to keep abreast of the happenings in the entire family. When we needed a lot of love or a little sympathy she was always available by telephone and she gave freely of herself in these matters. Her enthusiasm in answering the telephone and her appreciation for the call is all it took to solve the problem. She was a fantastic listener. You could tell her anything and I did this by the hour. It was some of my greatest joys and best therapy.

As I stated above I was always proud of my Mother and always thought her to be a beautiful person. She seemed to stay young for her entire lifetime. Even in her late years she retained her beauty in the eyes of all of us who loved her.

As I reflect on my life I see my Mother in every facet. I remember her touch as she massaged my chest and back during my many nights spent in asthmatic attack. She spent not just a few hours but hundreds of hours by my bedside and comforted me. She always was much more concerned about those around her than she was about herself.

I remember that it was a privilege to work in the house in my youth, since I would get asthma when I worked in the barn. In this way Mother taught me how to cook and clean a house. I appreciate this today.

Though Mother was always concerned and helpful I don't remember her being over protective nor did she try to make us in her image. She was secure enough to let us work it out ourselves. I remember bidding her goodbye as I left to work on a "Gandhi Gang". I was seventeen then and the depression was in full swing and the world was rough and the work even rougher. I remember the love and compassion she showed the day I returned on a freight train seriously ill with an extremely high fever caused by measles. I remember the feeling I felt that I was home with Mother again and all would be well.

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

I recall 27 years ago, in the dead of winter, when I was recruiting in Rolla, Missouri, when Uncle Delmar called to say that Mother had been operated on twice for bowel obstructions and that she might not live, advising me to come home. I remember a 24 hour wait in the Omaha Train Depot trying to get a train in 30 degree below zero weather, where I prayed and tried to exercise faith in her behalf. After arriving in Montpelier and being met by Uncle Oneal, I remember seeing how sick she was and Uncle Rob once again giving her a blessing and promising her recovery. She did recover to full health and I am eternally grateful to my Heavenly Father for allowing her to remain with us for a few precious years.

I remember again about 17 years ago, on Christmas day, receiving a call from her that she was in trouble. She had been ill and the doctors had given her drugs to kill pain that became habit forming and were causing her great anxiety. I left Los Angeles immediately after the call and drove all night in a blinding snow storm arriving at 5 a.m. in the morning. I remember the look of appreciation and greeting and the four days following of absolute misery for her when she stopped taking the medication. Four days later she had her first few hours of natural sleep having overcome the drug. Yes, the Lord had been good again to spare our Mother.

Mother along with Virginia will always remain the greatest people in my life. I will always remember a little private saying we had as follows: "When it's too tough for everyone else, it's just right for us".

As I bring this to a close I would like to pay tribute to my great Dad, who through faith in the Lord and earnest prayers, night and morning, on my behalf have given me security and protection. To my sister, Merlyn, I wish to express appreciation and pay tribute for the love and care she gave to both Mother and Dad that permitted them to live long and productive lives.

To Mother I express my deepest appreciation for giving me life, for teaching me honesty, for making work a virtue instead of a burden, and for giving me unconditional love. Your compassion, understanding and empathy are without compare. To the greatest Mother in all the world I once again say, "I love you Mom".

By: DeVirl

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MY ALWAYS HELPING....CARING....LOVING DAD
BY: MERLYN AND GRANT JENSEN

Memorable notes about my Dad

Dad and Grandpa Robert administered to me during my illnesses.

Dad and the family took me to the Outlet on my 8th Birthday and baptized me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints... also, standing with Grandpa Robert when he confirmed my baptism.

Dad was always busy, walking or running from one job to another...planting the crops...fixing old machinery...taking care of animals, chickens, pigs and horses...fixing fences...going to canyon with my brothers for wood to burn...stacking logs in a pile...sawing the logs into blocks...stacking them row upon row...harnessing the horses...getting the crops into the barn.

Dad was a Cheese-maker in Bern for 13 years. Bern people delivered milk to the Dairy Monday through Saturday and received cheese in payment.

Friday morning Dad loaded boxes of eggs in the truck to deliver to his "Egg Customers" in Montpelier. With Mother's constant help he would go from house to house with his fresh eggs. His customers loved him for his honesty and his punctual habits.

Dad, Mother and I went to Lewiston, Utah with live chickens each fall for several years. The chickens were caught with a wire hook and placed in large wooden boxes, covered with chicken wire. The chickens were killed and feathered with a machine. We would remove the intestines, cool the chickens, sack them and bring them back to the freezer. Our day started at 4 a.m. and ended at 10 p.m.

After my family arrived, Dad and I became very good friends. His love for me and my children was demonstrated daily. He carried a box of tools and was always ready to repair and over-haul my problems.

Dad helped Mother care for Ronnie, Mary Lynn and Marsha during their young life. His sincere love, kindness and protection for them was always evident.

Dad trusted me completely and would listen to my advise for health and would always comply with my suggestions.

I am grateful for the opportunity of knowing and sharing Dad's love in his later life. I was aware of his sincere love for our dear Mother, my brothers, their wives, Grant and their grandchildren. Dad never held a grudge...he forgave instantly. I hope to live worthy of being with him throughout eternity.

By: Merlyn and Grant

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MY MOTHER...A NOBLE WOMEN...WITH SELF STYLED GOODNESS
BY: MERLYN AND GRANT JENSEN

My memories of Mother

Lighting the coil-oil lamps in the early morning...4:30 to 5:00 o'clock.

Wood and coal stoves being prepared and fires started to warm the house for the days activities.

Hearing the treadle on the sewing machine running at high speed...creating cheese bandages for the dairy...re-modeling clothing for her children...patching...sewing shirts and pants.

Mixing bread...putting cereal and bacon on the stove for breakfast.

Ironing clothes and shirts.

Awakening Dad and assisting him with his needs.

Seeing that warm coats, hats and gloves were made available for the family to wear...helping with the daily milking of cows...feeding chickens, pigs...pumping water. Always helping with the outside "chores".

Returning to the house to eat breakfast...assisting each child in dressing for school.

Having family prayer before leaving for school.

Being worried and concerned that the snow and blizzards would hamper our getting to school safely.

Recalling the sweet, sincere love she had for Grandpa Johnny, her sisters and brothers; who had been left without their Mother.

Often serving many meals each day to those who would stop at the house. Always wanting to help with batches of bread, ironed shirts and clothes.

Helping Dad make cheese...Monday through Saturday...being an artist and genius in this craft...knowing and keeping exact temperature for the milk...watching her skillfully use the "curd-knives"...applying rennet...draining the whey...stirring the curd...putting the curd in the cheese presses...helping Dad to compress the curd into cheese.

Running to the house to prepare lunch for the children's noon break.

Having fresh warm bread and butter with jam or fruit awaiting our arrival from school.

Preparing supper...doing dishes...encouraging home work prior to going to bed.

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

- Having family prayers each night.
- Separating cream from the milk on Saturday night...keeping the cream to churn into butter the following week.
- Getting ready for Sunday School and then Sacrament Meeting on Sunday... knowing she was a Sunday School Teacher.
- Helping us go to the Bishop to settle tithing.
- Feeling the concern and worry when any of us were ill or in danger of getting hurt, such as, monitoring Foster's "Wrangling" the cows to and from the Homestead.
- Knowing the anxiety and humility she experienced with each of Bud's asthmatic attacks...trying to relieve his wheezing and shortness of breath with Home Remedies...oft times been out of bed all night.
- Remembering the grief, sadness and mournful times she experienced following the death of her last two baby boys, Junior and Lamont with pneumonia.
- Recollecting Mother's continuing support through our High School years... being happy and humbly proud of the accomplishments made by her family.
- Wanting advanced education for her family with very little finances available.
- Seeing boxes of food sent Parcel Post by Nathan Barlow to Logan to feed Bud and Foster while they attended the Utah State University for a period of 4 or 5 years.
- Helping me start Nurses Training at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City... being accepted into the program with financial help of \$125 from Foster...receiving letters and cards of encouragement each week along with a little money to help me.
- Aiding and supporting Kenneth when he entered the U.S.U.
- Always available after my marriage to Grant Jensen to willingly assist in tending and feeding our children...being a seamstress for Mary Lynn's and Marsha's dresses...sewing pants, coats and shirts for Ronald...helping put fruit and vegetable in the bottles...painting and cleaning walls and floors in the home.
- Never forgetting to hurry and welcome each of us, Grandchildren and all, at the gate with hugs and kisses.
- Waiting for a school bus at the corner, to grasp Marsha's hand to make her welcome and care for her needs.

TRIBUTE TO ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ AND AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

Helping Grandchildren drive the tractor, gather the eggs, watch her catch chickens, amputate their heads on the chopping block and skillfully butchering them for our dinner.

Staying with me at the Hospital the day Mary Lynn was delivered -6-1-45; which was the same time as her Father's and my Grandpa's funeral... causing her to be tardy...her comment being, "Grandpa would want me to stay with you 'till the baby arrived".

Hearing a comment Aunt Vera made after a hard days work helping, your Mother would never forget to say, "Thank you for letting me spend the day with you".

Watching her skillful hands create quilts for all of her children and Grandchildren...always making us feel it had been a pleasure for her.

A lifetime of kindness, consideration and love to her neighbors...Aunt Myrtle, Uncle Rob, Aunt Nellie, Uncle Delmar, Aunt Wanda, Uncle Bob, Aunt Martha, Aunt Rebecca, Estella and all the others she loved.

Mother's memory will remain and live on with us forever. We are grateful for the influence for good that she has exercised upon all of us who have associated with her.

It is my desire to live worthy enough to see her and love her throughout the eternity.

By: Merlyn and Grant

ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ & AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MEMORIES OF MOM AND DAD - GRANDPA & GRANDMA

LIVING LESSONS WE LEARNED FROM THEIR EXAMPLES
BY LAURA JACKSON AND KENNETH KEITH KUNZ

Beautiful patchwork quilts for our wedding shower and baby quilts for all of our children and grandchildren....also Christmas quilts and wedding quilts for our children.

Wonderful meals of fried chicken or pork with hot rolls and cinnamon rolls.... also delicious pan cakes and bacon for breakfast.

New baby chicks and baby pigs in the springtime....gathering eggs in the old chicken coops.

Tractor rides around and around the barnyard.

New baby kittens to feed and play with.

Watching the cows being milked and the big cans rolled out to the street in the old wagon.

Frequent "care packages" of bottled applesauce, canned goods, meat, eggs and cheese.

"New baby" visits when Grandma came to stay a few days. She always spent time reading to the children, fixing meals and mending.

Homemade doughnuts for hungry boys to enjoy making and eating.

A little red wooden wagon made by Grandpa for Clyde at age (1), (we still have the box used for the toys).

Dressing in old "dress up" clothes from the "Den".

Stuffed animals made by Grandma....a cute elephant for Clyde and a big snake our grandchildren are still enjoying.

Fruit cake and cookies at Christmas and sometimes a visit....always with a suitcase full of special things.

Raspberry jam from Bear Lake raspberries & chokecherry syrup & jelly.

Venison meat at hunting season (the boys called it "Buffalo Burgers").

Weekly letters of Bern happenings with praise and encouragement for our family.

Birthday cards with dollars for our many special days.

Digging potatoes, carrots & beets from a lovely vegetable garden.

Kenny and the boys helping Grandpa haul manure from the barn yard and hay into the barn for the winter.

ALVIN NEPHI KUNZ & AMY MATILDA KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

Bib overalls made by Grandma for Clyde and Keith when they were small.

Attending Sunday School meeting in the Bern meetinghouse....Grandma was a Sunday School teacher.

Carrying and chopping wood from the big wood pile by the junk house.

Cold mornings when the children enjoyed watching Grandma make fires in the old coal stoves.

Riding through Logan Canyon in a blizzard after a spring visit to Bern.

Beautiful afghans for us and our girls as they were married.

Watching Grandma catch chickens and pluck them so quickly....then cut them up so easily.

Children swinging in the big rope swing Grandpa made.

Riding in and pushing the old box sled Grandpa made.

Our first washing machine, and old wringer Maytag, crated and sent to Los Angeles by Grandpa (during the war).

Hugs and kisses for everyone when we arrived and departed.

All the children counting the hills of the Bern Road....1 - 2 - 3 ---and then they could "see Grandma's and Grandpa's house"!!

Baby calves learning to drink milk from a bucket with Grandma's help.

Grandma peeling pears for us at canning time when Kenny was in the hospital.

Grandma serving cold drinks on hot days for sweating boys helping with hauling.

Kenny driving to Bern in January to put in the gas furnace.... with Garth and Janna as good helpers.

Rides on old "Paint" around the barn yard.

Watching the hay being lifted into the barn.

Cold water to drink and cold nights for good sleep after hot city days.

Laura's Father (our good Grandpa, S. Andrew Jackson) said, "We were the most fortunate family" to have a farm to visit and wonderful loving Grandparents to welcome us. We appreciate their examples of hard work, love, honesty, service, joy in their posterity and Gospel Testimonies which they lived so well.

May we all do as well in our efforts to "follow in their footsteps" as we honor our heritage of "being born of goodly parents". We are most grateful and express our love to all.

(compiled by Laura)

TRIBUTE TO AMY KUNZ
BY BISHOP WENDELL BUNKER -- JANUARY 20, 1981

Members of the family, my brethren and sisters, friends and neighbors:

If I were to follow my own inclinations, I would select a remote corner of this meeting house and there in my own way I would mourn the passing of this gracious lady who has left such a beautiful mark on the landscape of life. I visited in the home of Amy and Alvin Kunz on many occasions as a neighbor and as their home teacher. Each time as I left their home I carried with me a feeling that lifted my soul and made me want to be a better man. They exuded a life style that harkened back to my boyhood days, and there in fancy I relived the days of yesteryear and in so doing, my heart began to sing. Today the book is closed on an important era. The life of a true pioneer has been swallowed up in victory and the gates of eternity fling open their welcome call. If any author longs to write the life story of one of God's noble women, then let him write the story of the life of Amy Kunz. Here is one who lived in the finest tradition of her sacred heritage. She sowed in faith and reaped in accomplishment. Her theme song in life seemed to evoke this sentiment, "Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me". The romance of life found an affectionate appeal in her daily activities.

This lady accepted life as it came, never asking for anything without furnishing a measure of herself in payment. Hers was a legacy of love, bequeathed in the wrapping of patience, hope, charity and complete and total submission to spiritual ideals. I know of no person who found and adjusted from the horse and buggy to the automobile, the airplane and even the moon rocket with such grace and dignity as did Amy Kunz. She moved with that degree of elegance which refined the souls of all who passed her way. Amy Kunz made the Lord mighty proud of his creation and she fulfilled her measure of creation in a grand manner. She possessed that quality which inclines our hearts to good and not to evil. She espoused the principle that the spirit of the gospel leads us all to righteousness, to love our fellowman, and labor together for our salvation. It always appeared to me that she was totally dedicated to the proposition that the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

What shall I remember about this most unpretentious soul? A beautiful countenance, she was a mother and all mothers are beautiful. Oh yes, that fast walk, designed to get where she was going. Oh yes, that warm and affectionate greeting I always received. Oh yes, the faithful and untiring service to fellowman. Oh yes, and there are many more gracious attributes which dotted the crown of my neighbor that I shall also remember. To finally express what I also want to remember, may I borrow from the pen of a distinguished writer these words: Amy Kunz "possessed a gift that God reserves for his special proteges, talent and beauty he gives to many, wealth is commonplace, fame not rare, but the love of family and fellowman is the gift God bestows as his final guerdon of approval, the fondest sign of love." He bequeaths it charily, some never are blessed with it, others wait all their lives, but to Amy Kunz, God gave this gift in rich abundance and she in turn shared it so liberally with all of us. To me this was the hallmark of her life.

Edgar Lee Master, in his book, The New Spoon River, fashioned a few words which describe Sister Amy so well. May I give them to you with a slight paraphrase.

TRIBUTE TO AMY KUNZ
BY BISHOP WENDELL BUNKER -- JANUARY 20, 1981

She was the pure of heart
The giver of gladness
The eyes that misted with pity
The eyes that shone with truth
The hands whose touch was life
The lips that withheld not kisses
And spoke no evil.
The lover, the singer, the dreamer,
Who knew the secrets of sacred gardens
And told them in words that die not.

I am sure that no one has looked upon the life work of Sister Amy without gaining something for themselves. We nurture our own souls by absorbing the spirit and purpose of a devoted mother. It was not necessary for this dedicated soul to lean on the accomplishments of others. She quilted from the fabric of life a self-styled goodness that will stand forever as her contribution to humanity. Her enthusiasm for life made the trials and tribulations that came her way, and surely there were some, pale into insignificance and were never allowed to impede or deter her emotional or spiritual drive. It can be said of her, all that was unpleasant or disagreeable, she made a grave in her own heart and there they remained never to burden the heart of others.

How grateful we ought to be that God provided such a noble woman to stand at the door of our existence to give our lives purpose and direction. Her untiring service was a mantle of pure radiance, which was never blemished by one selfish thought. She captured in her service the very element of pure and undefiled religion before God which is: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the sins of the world.

It has been said that one can best judge a people by the kind of women they honor. We honor ourselves today by identifying with a woman whom by good works and love unfeigned placed her mark on our lives.

One evening as I visited with Amy and Alvin, I said, my visit tonight has caused me to recall a bit of verse which I think epitomizes your lives. So I recited this part of a well-known poem:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by, the men who are good,
The men who are bad, as good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat or hurl the
Cynic's ban. Let me live in a house by the side of
The road, and be a friend to man."

After this experience, my visit had not been complete until I had again recited this part of the poem.

Amy and Alvin Kunz were special people to me. They represented all that is virtuous, lovely of good report and praiseworthy. Their lives are worthy of emulation.

TRIBUTE TO AMY KUNZ
BY BISHOP WENDELL BUNKER -- JANUARY 20, 1981

I am sure as I traverse this great land we call home, I will never see in any public square a statue or monument erected to the life and memory of these good people. But there need not be one. The monument they left is not of stone or brass, that deteriorate with age and become common place. The monument they left is enduring and everlasting in the lives of four children. To Foster, DeVirl, Merlyn, and Kenneth, what a fine heritage is yours. The beacon established on the hill of spirituality by your valiant parents must ever burn brightly and continue to light the way for those who grope in darkness. You, my good and respected friends, must continue to furnish the fuel lest the light grow dim and cease to light our way.

I would not be fulfilling the wish of your father and mother if I did not say to you, and it is most easy to say, you have exemplified the true spirit of the master in the care and concern you have given your father and mother. You need not say in retrospect, I wish I had done more. You have shown by your industry and accomplishment and in your deep and abiding love, that honor to your parents as the fifth commandment dictates. May I suggest that you pass on to your posterity that same spirit of family solidarity that was given to you. I express a personal gratitude for the opportunity to know you. Each of you have placed a new dimension on friendship. May the Lord encircle you in the arms of His everlasting love, may you keep enshrined in your eternal memory the good name you possess because of Amy and Alvin Kunz.

I think Sister Amy would have me say, as the great Prophet Moroni said, "and now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the eternal judge of both quick and dead, Amen."

In conclusion may I express these words, my own personal sentiments:

As the springtime flowers dot the rocky hillside
And the warm winds of summer parch the tender
Blades of grass -- I will remember.

When autumn leaves begin to fall and the harvest
Is upon us -- I will remember.

And when winter's chilly blast beckons and the
Snowflakes fall -- I will remember.

I will remember the life and cherish the memory
Of Amy and Alvin Kunz, my friends and my friends.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen...

By: Bishop Wendell Bunker

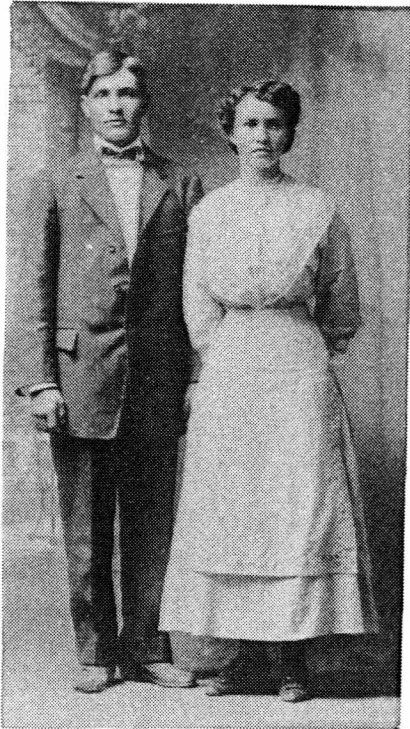
C H A P T E R 4

O R L A N D O L O U I S K U N Z

A N D

S Y L V I A M A G D A L E N A K U N Z K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E



ORLANDO LOUIS KUNZ
&
SYLVIA MAGDALENA KUNZ
Wedding Day - October 28, 1911



AUNT SYLVIA & UNCLE LOUIS
50th Wedding Anniversary
Beautiful people and a beautiful cake.



ORLANDO LOUIS - BLAINE LOUIS - SYLVIA MAGDALENA
DELTHA KUNZ DUNKER - DRUSILLA KUNZ SAVAGE - GLEN WILLIS
The family was together for the Golden Wedding Anniversary.

ORLANDO LOUIS KUNZ & SYLVIA MAGDALENA KUNZ
APRIL 1985

4.	Orlando Louis KUNZ ¶ Sylvia Magdalena KUNZ	12- 7-1890 2-16-1892	202 South 9th Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-1260
4.1.	Drusilla KUNZ ¶ Glenn Newton SAVAGE	6-16-1913 5- 9-1909	13200 S. E. 128th Avenue Clackamas, Oregon 97015 503-658-6640
4.1.1.	Patricia Laurie SAVAGE	9-22-1942 *	
4.1.2.	Steven Glen SAVAGE ¶ Linda Ilene JACOBSEN	1-24-1948 6-15-1956	16762 South Howard Mill Rd. Beaver Creek, Oregon 97004 503-632-3442
	1. Matthew Glen SAVAGE	5-28-1979	
	2. Jacob Ian SAVAGE	10-24-1981	
4.1.3.	Laurie Mai SAVAGE	11-21-1963	Same as Drusilla's address
4.2.	Glen Willis KUNZ ¶ Dorothy Marie MURPHY ¶ Sherry BROWN	9-21-1918 12-11-1925 5-19-1943	1550 Indian Hills Dr. Apt. 35B Green River, Wyoming 82935 307-875-4357
4.2.1.	Randy Glen KUNZ ¶ Nancy CURRIE	4-10-1952 12-16-1950	2601 Eaton Drive Medford, Oregon 97501 503-779-5455
	1. Dustan Joel KUNZ	1- 2-1980	
	2. Julie Marie KUNZ	3- 8-1973	
	3. Adam J. KUNZ	3-28-1983	
4.2.2.	Kirk KUNZ	11-17-1953 *	
4.2.3.	Clark Louis KUNZ	7-18-1965	520-94-2424 - VP65, NAS Point Mugu, CA 93042-5020
4.2.4.	Eugene Kevin KUNZ	4-15-1963	1020 Indian Hill Drive
4.2.5.	Donna Lori KUNZ	2-21-1967	Green River, Wyoming 82935
4.3.	Deltha KUNZ ¶ Russell Blaine ASHLEY ¶ Harold Bradley GARMIRE ¶ Jack DUNKER	3-24-1921 5-25-1916 11- 8-1913 12-13-1927	1640 South 3rd Pocatello, Idaho 83201 208-233-4523
4.3.1.	Russell Ronald ASHLEY ¶ Karen WINTERS	1-13-1939 3-18-1939	201 Blackpine Trail Missoula, Montana 59803 406-251-4971
	1. Bradley Ronald ASHLEY	5- -1956 *	
	2. Natalie Jane ASHLEY ¶ Timothy Dean BILLINGSLEY	5-18-1962 4-14-1956	112 Normandy Drive Norwood, Mass. 02062 617-762-2543
	1. Amanda Jane BILLINGSLEY	11- 7-1982	
	2. Brooke Ann BILLINGSLEY	11- 7-1982	
	3. Edward Scott ASHLEY	7-19-1966	
	4. Michael Phillip ASHLEY	5- 8-1967	

ORLANDO LOUIS KUNZ & SYLVIA MAGDALENA KUNZ
APRIL 1985

4.4.	Blaine Louis KUNZ	10 -5-1926	497 Adams Street
	¶ Norinne TEUSCHER	12-24-1930	Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-1337
4.4.1.	Ian Blaine KUNZ	4-16-1954	1311 Greer Avenue
	¶ Verla Jean PEDERSON	9-28-1957	Holbrook, Arizona 86025 602-524-2311
	1. Dirk Ian KUNZ	8- 5-1981	
	2. Alicia Jean PEDERSON	3-19-1984	
4.4.2.	Dennis Cortney KUNZ	5-31-1956	105 Stonehedge Ct.
	¶ Lynne MATTSON	12-12-1957	Carmel, Indiana 46032 317-848-7668
	1. William Dennis KUNZ	2-20-1978	
	2. Corey Blaine KUNZ	8- 6-1981	
	3. Christopher KUNZ	5- 9-1985	
4.4.3.	Mark Louis KUNZ	6- 9-1959	(Same as Blaines)
	¶ Beverly KING	6- 5-1963	
	(expecting in August)		
4.4.4.	DeNae KUNZ	12-23-1965	(Same as Blaines)

*Deceased +Divorced ¶Spouse

TRIBUTE TO ORLANDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA KUNZ
BY THEIR FAMILY

GENTLE, LOYAL AND UNWAVERING PARENTS
BY: DRUSILLA AND GLENN NEWTON SAVAGE

Mother and Dad have lived in the Bear Lake and Caribou Counties in Idaho all of their lives and have spent 73 years together as loyal companions, which is a great tribute to them. We, their children, are the benefactors of this beautiful relationship.

During their life time they have been very wealthy in the love and respect of the large number of relatives and friends they have known. Their welcome mat is always out, and one isn't inside their house very long until Mother is bustling about the kitchen getting something for them to eat. It staggers the imagination to think of the number of people who have been asked to have a "bite to eat" in their home; with Mother always saying, "have another biscuit Glen.", or "just one more piece of pie". She is an outstanding cook and everything is so delicious; her home made bread, her casseroles and her sauer kraut, to name a few.

We have learned much from Dad, with his very definite opinions, as anyone knows who has ever tried to change his mind about any of them. He says that he is not stubborn, but just determined. To this we can all say a double Amen. He comes by this naturally, because if I remember right Grandpa Robert had the same strong opinions, especially if Gospel principles were involved.

Mother is and has always been a sweet and gentle soul, but don't ever let anyone say anything bad about any of her family or loved ones, or there will be "you know what" to pay. This family loyalty is something that we all treasure and try to emulate in our own families.

We have all watched Dad's dedication to Dr. Paul Daines, his family and his ranch during the past few years. He has done so much to make the Doctor successful and he is loved by all members of the Daines family. This work has allowed him to have daily important interests and activities. It was probably more physical than we thought he should be indulging in. However, he must have been doing something right, as he is a mighty young and agile looking 94 year old. So the saying goes, "Father knows best".

Our parents unwavering devotion to their beliefs, and their thankfulness for the Gospel is an inspiration to all who know and love them. Their commitment to these eternal principles, including their "Christ like" charity to their fellowman, is a living example to all of us.

We are looking forward to many more years of togetherness, and hope we can show our appreciation for this wonderful couple, whom we love and cherish.

By: Drusilla

TRIBUTE TO ORLANDO LOUIS KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

We extend our love to Uncle Louis. He is the only living son of Robert and Caroline Kunz, and holds a special place in our heart as the patriarch of the family. Handsome, personable, dignified, without pride and haughtiness, he goes about his daily activities purposefully and humble.

Uncle Louis has a moderate concept in regard to everyday living. He does not participate in excesses. Nothing is taken into his body that may have an adverse affect upon his health. His speech is under complete control - not given to the uncouth or profane. His mind is not filled with negative and impure thoughts. He has remained active, not confining himself to the usual "rocking chair" type of retirement. Thus he remains with us, solid unshakable, wise and alert.

Following his example can assist all of us in living a full, complete and productive life.

By: Vernon

TRIBUTE TO ORALNDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

"MY PERSONABLE, POWERFUL "DAD"
BY: BLAINE LOUIS KUNZ

What can you say about a man who is still branding and de-horning cattle at age 92, a man who still attends the temple 3 to 5 times each month and attends all of his church meetings? My Dad does all of this to fulfill his Priesthood responsibility. To borrow the words of Nephi, "I was born of goodly parents".

I write these few lines, Dad, to express some of the gratitude I have felt for you during the many years of our lives. The list to be complete, would require a lifetime of entries, to express my appreciation to you Dad and my wonderful Mother.

My Dad was born on December 7, 1890. He has witnessed the beginning of the auto age and radio age, when both were technical marvels. He has witnessed the expansion of technology to space travel and satellite communications. In his early life it was the mark of a great man to know the cattle, sheep and horse business. He mastered these early on and gave a life time of effort to them. At 94 years he still saddles and rides to the admiration of all who know or hear of him.

In my early recollections there is fashioned a pair of skis and a toy bow made from a willow branch. These gifts performed just right for me and were used with enjoyment.

There were depression times for Dad and Mom, when a hard days work on the railroad netted just 50 cents. Dad worked hard and even though times were difficult he always provided adequately for us.

Dad became my fishing partner in later years. He gave me opportunities to go with him when I was young, but they were mostly in the area of his work. Some years he would permit some visits to the sheep camp for special fun. I recall one trip when Dad casually walked up the canyon with a 22 single shot rifle to dispatch a troublesome bear caught in his trap. That one shot ended the havoc among the sheep herd. To lose even one sheep was a great calamity during those times.

I remember the time when I let my pony run away. It was dark when I heard Dad's welcome Bass voice as he rode up the trail. He had found the run-away horse and had him in tow and was singing, not just any song, but a church song, "Oh ye Mountains High". I surely felt alone and frightened until I heard that voice. Dad then gave me careful instructions on how to tie up a horse but no reprimand was given.

Dad's deep rooted conversion to the gospel and his determination to live the Commandments and to follow the prophet have brought many blessings into our home. Maybe some of these blessings we may not realize even today. Easter is made more important when the youngest grandchild can explain why we are celebrating this special day.

TRIBUTE TO ORALNDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

We may not have had many material things, but many important things became ours which could not be purchased with money, because of Dad. He worked to pass on to us all the heritage we could or would absorb, and for that we will be forever grateful. As I became acquainted with my Grandpa Robert I could see manifest more and more of my Dad's love and firmness from his boyhood training.

Dad was called as a Seventy and served as a traveling missionary. Every man with Dad on the railroad crews had an opportunity to learn of the Church if he desired. His work carried him from Wyoming to Oregon with many stops in between. His study of the Book of Mormon in the evening and the life he lived was his example to his fellowmen. They were taught and encouraged to live good lives, especially if they were already members of the Church. We, at home benefited from all those conversions as Dad would re-count them to us when he returned.

Dad was, and still is intently interested in community affairs and world politics but the Church, it's teachings and programs are still pre-eminent in his life. My note to Dad: "Richer than I, you can never be, for I have a Dad who is still an example to me." Thanks Dad, I love you very much!

By: Blaine

TRIBUTE TO ORALNDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

"TO OUR BELOVED "MOM"
BY: BLAINE LOUIS KUNZ

I hope that this tribute will reflect some of the feelings of all of our family members. I know it will not cover all the facets of our love and appreciation to you, my Mother Sylvia. We lovingly call her "Choc" because of her special love for chocolates. The nickname seems to fit and show our love for her.

Dad and Mother were married in the Logan Temple and began their married life in Bern. The depression was on, as some of us can remember, but never have really experienced. Through these hard times Mom and Dad became the parents of Drusilla, Glen, Deltha and Blaine. We all received educations and much learning about the Church because of Mom. How rich ours lives would be if we would continue to follow her gently words of counsel. When we have not reached our desired expectations, all we received from Mom is gentle encouragement to do better.

The quote, "Richer than I you can never be, for I had a Mother who read to me". My Mom read the usual nursery stories, I'm sure, but the stories she told me from the Old Testament were unforgettable. The truth of these were carried deep inside of me when they were read in the Massachusetts and Vermont countryside. She easily helped a bewildered first grader realize that big words were not so tough when broken into several smaller words. The can of "Sun-Brite" was the classic tool. From that day on no word offered serious problems to the grade school child.

Can you fathom the Razor's edge of Mom's loving anxiety for a son and a grandson serving in the Military Forces. Her thoughts and prayers are ever with them and they feel her strength from afar. Mom encompasses in her very tiny person the very virtues and knowledge we all desire and work for. I recall her continuing encouragement to me for faithful attendance at all of my church meetings. These came regularly when there were so many things I wanted to do. Boyishly, I hoped she would forget to remind me. How thankful I am that she did not.

She was an advocate of Scouting. How I do not know. Here again she supported me and encouraged me to take an active part in scouting. Her work load was heavy but she still helped me to go camping. She would take me, not alone, but always with others.

Listening to the words of a modern ballad reminds me of some important recollections. Some of these are: lieing awake listening for coughs, cries at night when young, a squeaking floor when I came home late at night, and building kites because there was no money to buy one. Not only were kites built but confidence and hope. Even more than these, she gave the strength for cementing the family together so it could withstand the toughest parts of life. By example she laid a strong foundation of good qualities that have helped provide happiness for us.

These long overdue expressions of love and appreciation can not be construed as an attempt to "Balance the Books" of all we owe you Mom.

By: Blaine

TRIBUTE TO ORLANDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA MAGDALENA KUNZ
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

UNCLE LOUIS AND AUNT SYLVIA
TWO VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE

My Uncle Louis has now lived longer than any other member of his family. Last December 7th, Pearl Harbor Day, he was 94 years old. His Father, Robert, passed away a few months before he reached his 94th birthday. We have all been blessed to have our Uncle Louis remain with us so long. We continue to be inspired by his strength, his character and his never ending interest in all of the extended Robert-Caroline Kunz Family.

I am sure there are many reasons, for his long and happy life but I believe probably the main reason was his beautiful union with our dear Aunt Sylvia. He established a trend by marrying a Kunz girl in 1911, followed by Uncle Bob who married a Kunz girl, Aunt Martha, in 1912, Uncle Benjamin who married a Kunz girl, Aunt Rosanna, in 1912 and my Dad, Alvin, married my Mother Amy, a Kunz girl in 1914. That represents a lot of Kunz blood but in no way to much. In addition, Aunt Sylvia, inherited her beauty, her culture and refinement from her wonderful Mother, my Aunt Annie Schmid Kunz. Her loving nature, stable character and pleasant countenance are part of this gift. In fact, today when I visit with her, I can see Aunt Annie in her talk and actions. It was having this wife by his side that has helped Uncle Louis live this long, happy and rewarding life.

My Uncle Louis is a strong and robust man. He has fine facial features and can be classed as handsome. I'm just sure that his romance with Aunt Sylvia was delightful and that she was pleased to fall in love with him. Their courting was done in the horse-and-buggy days, like it was for my Father and Mother. They were first married in Idaho because of the Utah law preventing cousin marriages and sealed 3 days later on November 1, 1911, in the Logan Temple, setting the example for my Mother and Father to follow 3 years later.

I have heard my father say that, as young brothers growing up together, Uncle Louis and he were very close and loved to be together. Foster tells of a story in Mother's and Dad's History of the responsibility they were asked to take in delivering a load of cheese from Williamsburg to Georgetown and Bern and their committment to completing the assignment under adverse conditions. These characteristics of trust and dependablity have been prevelant throughout Uncle Louis's life.

My earliest recollection of Uncle Louis and Aunt Sylvia was when they lived in Bern in a house located between the Schmid home and the Eschler home which Paul Kunz now lives in. It was here that at least 3 of the children, Drusilla, Glen and Deltha were born. I think Blaine was born after they moved to Montpleier.

I recall visiting Glen as a child in Montpelier, when they lived in a house across the street from Seth's home. It was here that I had my first bath in a modern bath tub, quite a frightening experience after being bathed in a little round wash tub at home. I remember how kind and sweet Aunt Sylvia was to me at that time.

TRIBUTE TO ORLANDO LOUIS AND SYLVIA MAGDALENA KUNZ
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

I remember the many years Uncle Louis worked for the Union Pacific Railroad on a bridge building crew. He was a capable carpenter and I am sure he worked hard and gave good service. After his retirement I recall that he became a "Rider" for a Cattle Association and took the responsibility for a large herd of cattle in the Williamsburg area. I remember stopping by his little house on the range, when he was not home, I found our "Nigger Boy Brand Saddle" that my Dad had purchased from Aunt Ella. He rode this saddle for many years of his life as a Rider.

In recent years he has been associated with Dr. Paul Daines on his farm in the Wardboro area. There, even though he was quite old, he became an effective part of the operation, caring for his prize cattle. Every one of the Daines family learned to love and respect Uncle Louis and he was considered part of their family. Some of the boys who are now Doctors and Lawyers spent so many days with him that they felt as though he were their Grandpa. When he decided it was time to stop work, Doctor Daines found it necessary to sell the cattle, without Louie it just couldn't go on.

It has been my great great pleasure to stop by and see Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Louis on my many trips to Montpelier. I am always greeted with a kiss from Aunt Sylvia, this being a natural gesture of love. The first thing that is discussed is whether I am hungry and after partaking of her delicious home made bread, sauer kraut, casseroles, desserts etc., then we get down to the serious part of visiting. I am always amazed at her breadth of information and knowledge. She remembers my daughters names and knows much about every member of the extended family. It is some of my greatest therapy to visit with her and to feel her warmth and love for all of us. She is loved by everyone around her. She and Aunt Sarah talk to each other almost every day and receive much joy from these talks. Her neighbors drop by to be lifted by her positive, sincere attitude. Even though she is a beautiful lady she doesn't like to have her picture taken.

Uncle Louis and Aunt Sylvia have been married more than 73 years now and they have been beautiful years, probably in no way without problems or concerns about their loved ones. Aunt Sylvia is so close to her Brothers and Sisters that when they have hurts, she too hurts with them. Her unconditional love for all of them is without compare.

Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Louis it is so great that you have stayed with us for such a long time. I cherish the moments I have spent with you. I am grateful for the example you have set for me and appreciate you more than you know. I look forward to many more happy visits with you. I love you both very much.

By: DeVirl

C H A P T E R 5

R O S A N N A K U N Z K U N Z

A N D

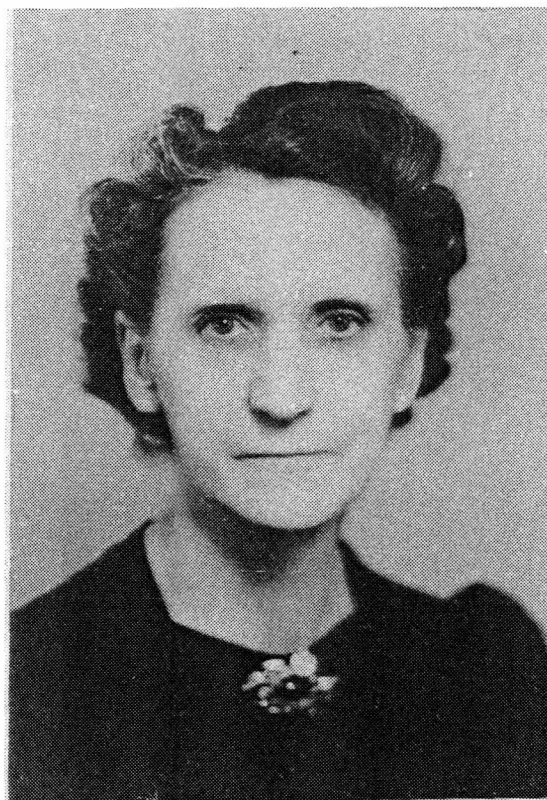
B E N J A M I N W I L L I A M K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

ROSANNA KUNZ & BENJAMIN WILLIAM KUNZ



ROSANNA KUNZ
Hospitality, gentleness,
Sincerity and humility



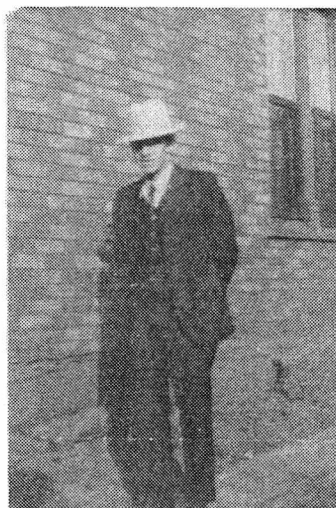
ROSANNA KUNZ KUNZ
"Clean in mind, thought and expression"
having traits of sainthood, as stated by
her nephew, Vernon



BENJAMIN WILLIAM KUNZ
He was called Papa by
his loving children.



GRANDMA, ROSANNA - GRANDPA, BEN
Grandma and Grandpa love their
beautiful DEANNA EGAN BENNETT



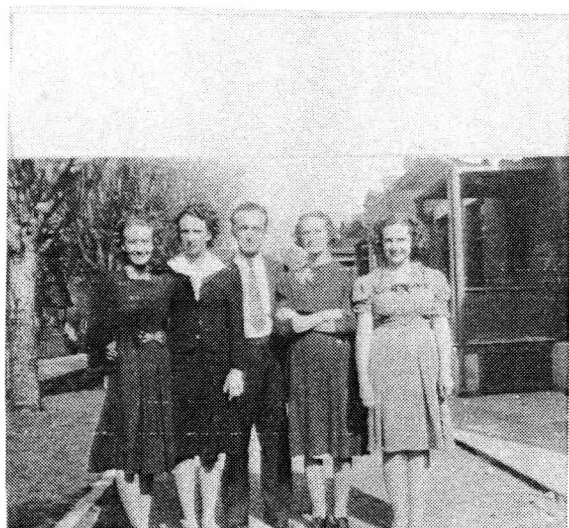
UNCLE BEN
Loved by everyone - He always wore a hat
223 Edgemont Ave., Salt, Lake City



MERNA KUNZ GLADE &
GORDON BENJAMIN KUNZ
About 1943 - The pride &
love shows through.



ROSANNA KUNZ - ANONA KUNZ CLAWSON
MERNA KUNZ GLADE - VERLENE KUNZ BAKER
Sweet and kind Mother with her beautiful
and loving Daughters.



MERNA - ANONA - GORDON
ROSANNA - VERLENE
1942 - Together with love.



LOUISE GLADE HILTON - MERNA KUNZ GLADE
& LINDA GLADE LOERSTCHER
They all have the same beautiful smile.

ROSANNA KUNZ & BENJAMIN WILLIAM KUNZ
APRIL 1985

5. Rosanna KUNZ 10-19-1892 *
- ¶ Benjamin William KUNZ 5-11-1888 *
- 5.1. Anona KUNZ 12- 8-1913 516 12th Avenue
- ¶ Wren EGAN 8- 1-1911 + Salt Lake city, Utah 84103
- ¶ Irwin CLAWSON 1-13-1892 801-364-4859
- 5.1.1. Deanna EGAN 3-31-1937 3840 Sherringham Drive
- ¶ Charles William BENNETT 5- 8-1934 Boise, Idaho 83704
- 208-375-9662
1. Layne Charles BENNETT 1-26-1957 (Same)
- ¶ Lois Kristine CALLAHAN +
2. Trent William BENNETT 2 -1-1963 (Same)
3. Troy Wren BENNETT 5-19-1967 (Same)
- 5.2. Gordon Benjamin KUNZ 1- 1-1916 * 232 West 300 North
- ¶ Lucille WALKER 9-10- Salt Lake City, Utah 84103
- 801-364-4503
- 5.2.1. Lee Gordon KUNZ 3- 7-1948 (Same)
- 5.3. Merna KUNZ 8-18-1919 2966 East 2920 South
- ¶ George Melvin GLADE 10-15-1920 Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
- 801-484-3316
- 5.3.1. Linda GLADE 1-12-1947 Box 2243
- ¶ Thomas F. LOERTSCHER 1- 4-1944 Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
- 208-522-3072
1. Brent Travis LOERSTCHER 10-15-1968
2. Wayne Thomas LOERTSCHER 12- 1-1970
3. Steven Glade LOERSTCHER 8-28-1972
4. Reed David LOERSTCHER 7-30-1974
5. Benjamin T. LOERTSCHER 5-18-1977
6. Marlana LOERTSCHER 1-20-1980
7. Brad Melvin LOERTSCHER 10-17-1982
8. Bruce Ross LOERTSCHER 1-15-1985
- 5.3.2. Louise GLADE 7- 8-1949 131 West Fulton
- ¶ Raymond Lamar HILTON 1-22-1948 Broken Arrow, Oklahoma 74012
- 918-455-3454
- 801-8
- 944-0910
1. Mark Raymond HILTON 7-26-1975
2. Lisa Louise HILTON 5-11-1977
3. Tiffany Marie HILTON 3-10-1980
- 5.3.3. Bruce Melvin GLADE 8-24-1954 4831 South Erve Circle
- ¶ Lorraine TURNBOW 6-25-1956 Kearns, Utah 84118
- 801-967-3098
1. Brandon Tyler GLADE 11- 3-1977
2. Michael Bruce GLADE 2-17-1979
3. Matthew Scott GLADE 11-29-1980
4. Benjamin William GLADE 7-26-1984

9838 So. 2240E, Sandy, UT
84092

Houston, Texas

ROSANNA KUNZ & BENJAMIN WILLIAM KUNZ
APRIL 1985

5.4.	Verlene KUNZ	7- 3-1925	1426 Mound Street
	¶ Stanley Ross BAKER	9- 6-1924	Alameda, CA 94501
			415-523-1739
5.4.1.	Kathlene Anne BAKER	11-22-1947	2937 Lincoln Avenue
	¶ John Joseph PARTEN	3- 4-1950	Alameda, CA 94501
			451-521-8086
	1. April Anne PARTEN	3-18-1974	
	2. Allison Lynn PARTEN	11-29-1979	
5.4.2.	Clifford Stanley BAKER	2-22-1952	2500 Lucy Lane #107
			Walnut Creek, CA 94595
			415-943-7099
5.4.3.	Donald Gordon BAKER	7- 2-1958	1455 North Camino Alto #227
	¶ Mary BRAITHWAIT	9-22-1960	Vallejo, CA 94590
			707-644-1739
	1. John Stanley BAKER	4-17-1981	

TRIBUTE TO ROSANNA KUNZ AND BENJAMIN KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

HAPPY MEMORIES OF MOTHER AND PAPA
BY: ANONA KUNZ CLAWSON

Some of the happiest memories of my life are when Mother would sit at the organ and my Father would sing--songs from the old red hymn book, like "Our Mountain Home So Dear", and many others. He had a good voice and she was an expert on the organ and knew how to keep it in top working condition. While this was always a happy occasion I remember sitting in the corner and crying real tears--I was always "tenderhearted" as they called it.

Then I remember those precious Christmas trees--cut by my Father and decorated by all of us. At night time we would "warm" up the bedroom (that is where the tree was) and light the candles on the tree for just a few moments. I remember too the white, white glistening snow and the coyotes singing up on the Bern hills.

When the snow was exceptionally deep, Papa would take me to school behind him on Old Dude. I can still feel the security of putting my arms around him to hold on. On those days I would get to take a lunch which Mother would prepare for me and that was a wonderful time too--I remember her plum preserves, my favorite.

When it came time for me to go to High school, they left their home there in Bern (which they had built and lived in for all those years) and moved to Montpelier so I wouldn't have to leave home to go to school. As I get older, I realize how hard that must have been (Kunz blood likes to remain at home--this is the kind I have--and changes are very hard), But they did it.

Their lives were constant sacrifice for their children.

By: Anona

MY MOTHER...AN EXAMPLE OF LOVE AND DEVOTION
BY: VERLENE KUNZ BAKER

I am very grateful for my heritage and especially for a loving Mother and Father, who taught us lesson of integrity and honor throughout our lives. they taught us to do our best in all things we were called upon to do and to love and honor the members of our family as special children of Father in Heaven.

Our family was not rich in material things, but we were wealthy in the examples of love and family devotion. The heritage left by our parents is priceless indeed! "All the love we know in life springs from the love we knew as children" - that little quotation fits perfectly my memories of childhood. The love that I, along with my sisters and brother, knew in our childhood is very precious to me. There was never a doubt in our minds that our father and Mother loved us. We in turn, reciprocated and loved them also. I have used this example as a guide with my own children. There is no substitute for love. To me it is eternal and I pray that my children will pass it on to their children as well and that it might continue in our family throughout eternity.

By: Verlene

TRIBUTE TO ROSANNA KUNZ AND BENJAMIN KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MY WONDERFUL REMARKABLE MOTHER
BY: MERNA KUNZ GLADE

My Mother, Rosanna Kunz was a remarkable woman and the longer I live the more I realize this.

First of all, she was very frugal. She managed her home on sound economic principles, never wasteful, always thrifty. She never hesitated to work outside her home when extra income was needed. I remember her working at the Montpelier Laundry under strenuous circumstances in the heat of the summer. She also worked at Woolworth's a dry goods store owned by Pearl Davis and her husband. Her situation there was more pleasant than at the laundry. The last time I saw Pearl, she told me that she could have trusted her life to my Mother, which I feel was a lovely compliment. Here in Salt lake, she worked for Wheeler Machinery until she retired. She was a generous person, always remembering her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren on special occasions--and just occasions, to which her three missionary grandsons can testify.

Second she was loving and selfless. I have vivid memories of the care she gave us as children during illnesses. I guess I can see her carrying Verlene as a baby when she would be burning with a fever. I remember how she hovered over Gordon when he fell from a horse, until she felt he was out of danger. I still remember the anguished look on her face as she peered over the doctor's shoulder during my tonsillectomy which was performed without an anesthetic. This concern for her children's welfare continued throughout our lives. Many week-ends, she has come to my rescue in times of need, giving untiring service even though she had a full-time job.

Third, she loved and honored her parents. I remember how grief-stricken she was when her Mother's prognosis was cancer, and during Grandma's long illness, she suffered too. She was proud of her Father, that he was a self-educated man and that he was an ordinance worker at the Logan Temple. After Grandpa had surgery and during his recuperation, she would board a bus Friday night after work, ride to Logan, spend the week-end cleaning, cooking and doing laundry for Grandpa. Then she would return home Sunday night, ready to be to work Monday Morning.

Fourth, she was a wonderful home-maker. She kept her home immaculately clean and saw that her children were always clean and dressed as well as could be afforded. She was known as an excellent cook, her specialties being home-made bread, chocolate pie, meat loaf and pot roasts with tasteful gravy.

Fifth, she loved the gospel and firmly believed in the divinity of the Church. She kept the commandments and her greatest desire was that her children would be stalwart in the Church. I cherish her teachings of the Life and Mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. She taught us to pay our tithing, to pray, to keep the Word of Wisdom, to honor those who presided over us in the Church, the Prophet, the General Authorities and those on a local level. She loved the Church hymns and enjoyed playing them on the organ. She was grateful for the experience she once had in Bern of being the organist. She knew her Heavenly Father helped her many times in answer to her fervent prayers.

I am grateful for such a wonderful Mother and strive diligently to emulate her wonderful characteristics.

TRIBUTE TO ROSANNA KUNZ AND BENJAMIN KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - JUNE 1985

PAPA
BY: MERNA GLADE KUNZ

I wrote this poem to my Father, Benjamin William Kunz, while I was on my mission. May 1942.

MY DEAR PAPA

How I wish that I might
Give something to you this day
That would bring into your life,
Joy for your birthday in May!

But there is only one thing
That I can send to you;
It doesn't cost any money --
It's just my love, so true.

You've taught me many things
Which have enriched my life;
Which have strengthened my character;
And helped me to rise above strife.

The beauties of the out-of-doors,
Through you I've learned to love,
The hills of home -- a bubbling stream,
A tall pine touching the blue above!

You have always taught me
To see the right from the wrong;
To ever be true and genuine
And never to do any harm.

In my heart is a desire
To ease the burden you bear;
If only it were possible
For me, your pain to share.

But for this your Birthday
I desire to you to send,
A ray of joy and happiness
And lots of sunshine lend!

By: Merna
April 16, 1985

TRIBUTE TO ROSANNA KUNZ & BENJAMIN KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

AUNT ROSANNA...CLEAN IN MIND, THOUGHT & EXPRESSION
WITH TRAITS OF SAINTHOOD

Precious are the memories I have of Aunt Rosanna. Flamboyancy, flippancy, or pretense are not a part of her nature. As she welcomed a visitor, she immediately created an atmosphere of hospitality, gentleness, sincerity and humility. It happened that I was at the Mission Home at the same time as Gordon, and I spent considerable time at Aunt Rosanna's during that period. My Mother was there a few days also. The kindness we received and enjoyed was far beyond anything we could ever give in return.

She possesses all of the traits we identify as sainthood, but if it were to be done in one word it would be "cleanliness". Aunt Rosanna, clean in mind, thought and expression; clean in body; clean in the preparation of meals; clean in housekeeping duties. The scripture applies:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity; nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessings from the Lord and righteousness from God of his salvation."

Psalms 24: 3-5

By: Vernon

AUNT ROSANNA...KIND AND LOVING ALWAYS
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

I was never in Aunt Rosanna's presence that I didn't feel her concern, her warmth, and her genuine kindness to me. My Mother, Amy, loved Aunt Rosanna as a Sister and she loved my Mother. I have a vivid picture, in my mind, of her greetings, to me as "Buddie boy", and also "Our happy go lucky Bud". Seldom did I ever go through Salt Lake that I didn't stop by her home and one time, I stayed several days when she lived on Edgemont Avenue. She always cared for me like my Mother, and I loved it.

I recall, when she lived in Bern, that we were so very close that we knew their home from one end to the other. Foster came running into her house one day and said, "Mommie wants the tatter masher" as he grabbed it from behind the stove and ran out without asking if he could borrow it.

I was with Aunt Rosanna and Aunt Ella in Logan at Grandpa's, when Aunt Lou, Gandpa's second wife died. They had both helped her to the bathroom and back to bed and as they did, she rose up and said, "Now I'm going to Heaven" and she died. I saw the shock and trauma in Aunt Rosanna's and Aunt Ella's eyes as they realized that she had departed and Grandpa would be alone again. Aunt Rosanna gave tender, loving care to her Father and Mother when they really needed her, as she did to all of us. I cherish the memories I have of this Dear Aunt. I pray that I might live worthy to meet her again and hear her lovingly say, "Buddy boy". I love you Aunt Rosanna.

By: DeVirl

C H A P T E R 6

E L L A G R A C E K U N Z Y O U N G W I L D E

A N D

L E O N A R D K A N E Y O U N G

A N D

L E O N A R D M I L T O N W I L D E

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E



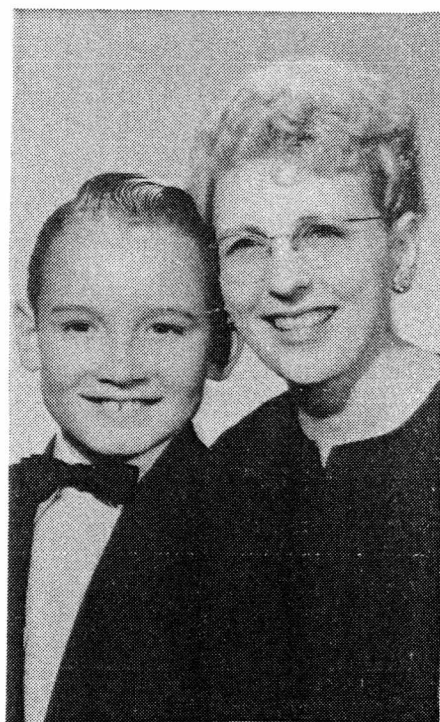
ELLA GRACE KUNZ WILDE
Strength and beauty



ELLA GRACE KUNZ & EUNICE ESCHLER
Two beautiful ladies



ELLA - ERMA - ONEAL - EARL
With dignity and pride in each other showing.



MICHAEL KENNETH ERICKSEN
& NORMA YOUNG ERICKSEN WALTON
The love for each other shows
in their beautiful faces.



ELLA GRACE KUNZ - EARL DEWEY KUNZ - ERMA LEVERN KUNZ.
Their parents loved them and we love them today.



ELLA GRACE KUNZ - SOPHIA KUNZ - BLANCHE KUNZ - FIAMETTA KUNZ
Picture was taken April 1, 1911.
All were expert horseman and loved to ride.

ELLA GRACE KUNZ, LEONARD KANE YOUNG & LEONARD WILDE FAMILY
APRIL 1985

6. Ella Grace KUNZ 2- 7-1895 *
¶ Leonard Kane YOUNG 3-27-1890 *
¶ Leonard Milton WILDE 6-16-1905 2363 Altman Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90031
213-222-4469
- 6.1. Orval Harold YOUNG 12-12-1915 7935 South Pennsylvania Ct.
¶ Lola NICKEL 11- 4-1921 Littleton, Colorado 80122
303-794-2896
- 6.1.1. DeForrest Orval YOUNG 2-16-1946 595 East Jamison Place
¶ Kim Kathleen MURPHY 12-22-1948 Littleton, Colorado 80122
303-794-6404
1. Meagan YOUNG 9- 4-1971
2. Collin Forrest YOUNG 10-22-1973
3. Sean Patrick YOUNG 2- 9-1976
4. Matthew Orval Young 10-25-1978
5. Jeffrey Charles YOUNG 2-28-1981
6. Kathryn YOUNG 8-27-1983
- 6.1.2. Anthony Garnett YOUNG 8- 3-1949 2745 Laurel Drive
¶ Vicki DE STEFANI 3- 4-1951 Fairfield, CA 94533
707-422-7229
1. Paul Anthony YOUNG 7-16-1976
2. Craig Marshall YOUNG 8-22-1978
3. Michael Joseph YOUNG 4-30-1982
4. Rachel Maree YOUNG 6-26-1984
- 6.2. Dennis Lloyd YOUNG 12-27-1917 11871 Lampson Avenue
¶ Mary Evelyn GRANDY 11- 9-1916 Garden Grove, CA 92640
714-534-0621
- 6.2.1. LaMonte Thornton YOUNG 10-14-1935 Dia Art Foundation
¶ Marion Susan ZAZEELA 4-15-1940 6 Harrison Street
New York City, N. Y. 10013
212-925-8270
- 6.2.2. La Juana YOUNG 8- 1-1937 5888 Los Pacos
¶ Ronald Edwin MORRIS 5- 3-1934 Buena Park, CA 90620
714-828-1388
1. Craig Edwin MORRIS 7- 1-1956 5301 Myra Ave.
¶ Wendy WILLIS 7- 4-1961 Cypress, CA 90630
714-995-0349
1. Nathan Edwin MORRIS 9- 2-1982
2. Heather Brooks MORRIS 6- 9-1984
2. Sally Ray MORRIS 11-19-1957 6132 Fern Ave
¶ Richard William JAMISON 4-16-1953 Cypress, CA 90630
714-952-3555
1. Ryan William JAMISON 6- 5-1979
2. Stephen Edward JAMISON 4- 5-1981
3. Kevin Ronald JAMISON 11-29-1982
4. Jason JAMISON 8-25-1984

ELLA GRACE KUNZ, LEONARD KANE YOUNG & LEONARD WILDE FAMILY
APRIL 1985

3.	Thomas LLOYD MORRIS	10-11-1961	1331 South Oriole
	¶ Marleen Ann WILLIAMS	8-11-1964	Anaheim, CA 92804
			714-220-1700
1.	Douglas Thomas MORRIS	12-18-1984	
6.2.3.	Jerry Dennis YOUNG	11-17-1940	Siesta Garden Apts. #2
	¶ Juanita DAVIS	2-16-1941 +	3773 High Street
	¶ Perline SHEREL	9-15-1943	Oakland, CA 94619
			415-530-5144
1.	Vicki YOUNG	3-14-1963	
2.	Lisa YOUNG	9- 4-1964	
3.	Shon YOUNG	8-28-1968	
4.	La Mon YOUNG	11- 4-1973	
6.2.4.	Re Nae YOUNG	1- 4-1946	2859 Bridgeport
	¶ Hobert WHEELER		Anaheim, CA 92805
	¶ Gilbert MARQUEZ	1-23-1942 +	714-821-4839
1.	Hobert (Bert) WHEELER	12- 5-1964	
2.	La Nae Wheeler MARQUEZ	5-17-1966	
3.	Jeoffrey Ryan MARQUEZ	9-20-1976	
4.	Mona Marie MARQUEZ	4- 3-1968	
5.	Mimi Enestine MARQUEZ	1-20-1972	
6.	Gilbert Jr. MARQUEZ	11-21-1972	
6.2.5.	Tyra Lee YOUNG	3-14-1947	2828 Virginia Avenue
	¶ Leonard ALCALA	12- 8-1947 +	Anaheim, CA 92806
			714-630-3498
1.	Bernadette ALCALA	2- 7-1968	
2.	Leonard AJCALA Jr.	3-23-1976	
3.	Alyssa ALCALA	10-26-1980	
6.2.6.	Sherida YOUNG	1-30-1950	West Crest Apts. #2
	¶ Marty RUSCH	5- 5 +	9231 35th Ave., South West
	¶ Larry BENGGE	10- 5-1944	Seattle, Washington 98126
			206-938-8567
1.	Robert RUSCH	10-16-1970	
1.	Lisa BENGGE	12-28-1966	
3.	David BENGGE	7-22-1968	
6.3.	Norma YOUNG	11-26-1919	907 Del Valle Avenue
	¶Kenneth Johnson ERICKSEN	6- 1-1915 *	La Puente, CA 91744
	¶Henry Dewain WALTON	9-17-1910	818-333-2530
6.3.1.	Michael Kenneth ERICKSEN	7-14-1945	7124 Stormson Drive
	¶Ricki Lee MORRIS	2-24-1948	Las Vegas, Nevada 89128
			702-363-6506
1.	Allyson Rae ERICKSEN	8-28-1968	
2.	Venessa Gae ERICKSEN	11-16-1971	
3.	Rayan Kenneth ERICKSEN	11- 5-1975	
4.	Steven Michael ERICKSEN	11- 5-1975	

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY: THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

"MOM"

7 FEBRUARY 1895.....31 DECEMBER 1977
BY ORVAL HAROLD YOUNG

My Father, Leonard Kane Young, and his brother, Joseph Thornton Young, married two sisters. Leonard married Ella Grace Kunz and Thornton married Erma Levern Kunz.

Therefore many things were done to-gether with these two families. The brothers both took their wives to Dry Valley and proved up on two sections of grazing land that was located about three miles apart.

Leonard was five years older than Thornton and Ella was two years older than Erma. These two girls were both excellent cooks and no better housekeepers could be found anywhere!

One time when we were traveling from Blackfoot, Idaho to Dry Valley, one of our wagons broke down. We were required to stay in a little valley in which there was an old shack that had been deserted many years before. Mom went to work and cleaned this place up. She patched up the windows and hung some curtains. Even though it had a dirt floor, it was swept clean. We only stayed one week, but she did her best to make it a home.

One morning , when I was a baby, we were traveling to Dry Valley by the usual method which was that of a team and wagon. We camped on top of the Georgetown, Idaho divide--the top of the hill just before going down the canyon to Slug Creek.

My Father was up early in the morning and found that the team and other horses had left and had gone down the canyon. He went after them. Shortly after Dad had left, Mom saw one of the horses grazing a short distance away in a meadow; just over a little rise and she could only see the animal's back in the sky-line.

She picked up a halter and called the dog, which was a large animal -- one half stag hound and the other half Russian wolf hound -- whose name was Sooner. She proceeded to go after the horse and, in the dim light of early morning, just as she arrived at the top of the rise, the dog started to get a rumble in his throat and the hair stood up on the back of his neck. Mom said, "there the animal was, only instead of a horse it was a large black bear." She said, "I just took the dog by the collar and very quickly and very frightened walked back to camp." A little later, Dad returned with the horses.

Mom could harness a team and drive them on a wagon. She could ride a horse very well. At one time she rode a horse in a cow pony race at the Henry Stampede and won several prizes -- some of which are still in the family after fifty years. She won a silver mounted bridle, a pair of spurs and a leather riding skirt.

Mom could milk cows, which she did for many years. She also made cheese for many years in Dry Valley and later in Bern. She had many other talents. She was a very good seamstress and made many of the clothes worn by members of

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY: THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

the family. She was very artistic with her hands. She made fine and delicate pottery which she painted and glazed. She, one time, helped me to completely re-upholster an automobile.

She always had an appreciation for and loved nice things. However, she said to me many times during her last years, that material things were not important. The spiritual things were important and money and wealth are only good if you do good with them.

Mom had a strong testimony of the gospel all of her life and was a very strict tithe payer. She served for many years in the ward and stake Relief Society Presidency. It was my pleasure to have the privilege of setting her apart as a counselor in the ward Relief Society Presidency. She also served later as president. She also served very faithfully for several years as a temple worker in the Los Angeles Temple. She also filled a Stake Mission, which she enjoyed very much.

Her greatest desire was that all of her grandsons go on missions and that all of her grand-daughters be married in the temple.

I want my children and grandchildren to know that I love my Mother and I will always be grateful for her and the things she did for me through the eternities to come.

By : Orval

TRIBUTE TO LEONARD MILTON WILDE
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

When I reflect on the life of my Uncle Leonard Wilde, words like dedication and service to family and home enter my mind. I have had the rare privilege of being in Leonard's home many times throughout my life and especially since he has been alone. In every instance he has made me feel appreciated and happy that I stopped.

My friend, Stan Pryor, owns the boiler shop, where Leonard worked. He has told me how reliable, dependable, trustworthy and hard working Uncle Leonard was as one of their employees. They trusted him with major responsibilities, such as opening and closing the shop. I understand they hated to see him retire.

Leonard has always showed this same servitude in the home, helping every way possible to make it pleasant and secure, and a place where love and happiness abound. I am grateful to his Grandson, Michael Ericksen, and to Norma for the love they continue to give Leonard. Michael calls him every week. He really beams when he tells you about these calls. Norma goes by every week and grocery shops, and takes him to his doctors appointments.

Uncle Leonard attends church regularly. He loves the Lord and his fellowmen and has done much to assist in the work of the church. He has always helped the children and the grandchildren, even giving his car to them. I wish to express my appreciation to Leonard for the lifetime of love and support he gave my Aunt Ella. I enjoy my visits and will continue to stop by Uncle Leonard.

By: DeVirl

A TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

MY WONDERFUL "MOM"
BY: DENNIS LLOYD YOUNG

I recollect so many things that my Mother exemplified. She motivated me to always try to live in accordance with the teachings of our Father in Heaven, which is the greatest and most wonderful things that she could have given along with life by birth into this world. There are many thing which I can never repay her for, even through the eternities.

When I was six years old I remember we left Dry Valley in a snow storm. The cattle were all gathered and the wagon was loaded with our belongings. Mom started out driving the team hitched to the wagon. Uncle Oneal, Leonard Wilde, Orval and I were riding horses and started trailing the cattle to Bear Lake Valley. These cattle were rented on shares for feed and some cheese. My parents were involved in the dairy business. The weather was bad and the road was muddy and slick with snow. As we trailed toward the south end of the valley my Mother had problems with the bad roads and quite a steep grade going through Dry Canyon before we crossed over on to the Slug Creek Road. So all three of the men left Orval and I with the cattle and went to help Mom with the wagon. Shortly afterward Mom caught up with us riding Dad's horse. We never saw any of the men until after dark as they were busy bringing the wagon. Mom supervised the handling of the cattle along with her two young boys, Orval and I.

We reached our destination for that day just before dark. It was the Government Corral located approximately half way between the Georgetown Divide (now called Summit View) and Georgetown. After the cattle were corralled, Mom tried to build a fire as we were cold and wet but the wood was so wet it would not burn. We didn't even have a pocket knife, to my remembrance, to make shavings, so Mom tried to start a fire by burning her handkerchief, but to no avail.

The men finally came with the wagon and team. Uncle Oneal and Leonard Wilde had to help the team by pulling with their saddle horses, with ropes from their saddle to the wagon. This helped the team pull the wagon up the north side of the divide. We were sure glad to see them. We rode in the wagon to Georgetown and stayed that night.

This was just one of the challenges that Mom met through her life. She milked her share of the cows and often made cheese alone when the men were doing other things. She always worked as long as her children were at home.

Mom portrayed one of her talents by riding in the competitive Half Breed Horse Races at the Henry Stampede, and was awarded some silver spurs and a fancy bridle for prizes.

She being very honest, reported to the Grocery Store Manager that he had not charged her for a fifty pound sack of flour on a previous occasion. He was very much surprised to find some one so honest.

A TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

Mom served in the Glendale, California Stake Relief Society for sometime and also as president of the Elysian Park Ward Relief Society. She also served as a Temple Ordinance Worker for several years, until she was unable because of her health.

Mom did so many things to help Evelyn and I and our children that it would be impossible to mention everything in this short tribute. She spent countless hours taking our children to dancing lessons, music lesson, school, church, etc. and etc.

By: Dennis

MY BELOVED "GRAM"
BY: LA JUANA YOUNG MORRIS

I am writing this in memory of my Grandmother Wilde, Ella Grace Kunz Wilde. I was her first Granddaughter, La Juana Young Morris.

My first memories of my Grandmother were in California when I was about 5 years old. We were in the same ward as Grandma and I remember Dad taking us to their house to visit on Sunday afternoons after lunch.

During the next 4 years I remember that she sewed for me and she made some of my favorite clothes at that time. I particularly recall two skirts that she made for me, one with tiny yellow flowers on a red background, and one with tiny red flowers on a yellow background. She and I had a difference of opinion as to how the skirts should be made. She wanted to put suspender-like straps on them as she said I didn't have enough hips to hold the skirts on. Well, both of us being very stubborn, but I being her favorite Granddaughter, she made the skirts to please me.

When I was 9 we moved to Utah and I remember on my 12th birthday I received a ceramic orchid from Grandma. One of her hobbies was working with ceramics, and she was very good at her work.

During the 4 years we lived in Utah, occasionally during the summer months, I would take the bus to California and spend some time with Grandma and Leonard.

Our whole family was happy when we again moved back to California. During the rest of my school years, I recall Grandma taking me to those places I needed to go, such as shopping, dancing lessons, piano lessons, etc. I did not drive and when I did learn to drive, I didn't have a car. I recall that occasionally at the end of our shopping trips we make a stop at Van De Kamps Bakery to get fresh chocolate chip cookies and their delicious pecan rolls.

A TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

As I grew into my dating years, Grandma was always harping at me to get married in the temple, and that if I did she would have my wedding dress made for me any way I wanted it made. I guess it never occurred to her that I had set a goal to have a temple marriage when I was old enough to know what a temple was all about. Well, I did get married in the Mesa, Arizona Temple on August 20 1955, to Ronald Edwin Morris, and my Grandmother did have my dress made for me.

As I started having children and my family grew, Grandma would call me occasionally. When I answered the phone, she would always say, "Hello, La Juana, this is Gram." After she passed on I would find myself answering the phone and wondering if it would be Gram. I don't know when we started calling her Gram, but it just seemed right.

Grandma was stubborn and strong-willed and I seemed to inherit some of this. As I think back on these personality traits, they are probably what made her a "survivor" to help her through those challenges that came into her life as she kept her family going after her divorce from Grandpa Young.

I do not remember when Leonard Wilde did not live with Grandma, and we have always accepted him as our Grandfather.

By: La Juana

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

"ENDEARINGLY MOM"

BY: NORMA YOUNG ERICKSEN WALTON

Our Mother, Ella Grace Kunz Young Wilde, was a hard working generous, independent woman who loved her family and was proud of her heritage. I shall ever be grateful to her for the testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ that she had and for her desire to have it active in our lives

If a job needed to be accomplished Mom never stopped until it was completed. As an example, when she was a young mother, she milked forty-five cows one morning because the cheese vat was leaking and our Dad was trying to repair the vat. Sometimes midnight would still find her cleaning house and it had to be completed and spotless regardless of the hour.

During the time when Mom was Relief Society President, I went with her one night to the church house to clean the kitchen. A social activity was to be held at the church the next evening and the sisters didn't have the time to do the cleaning. The stove and refrigerator especially needed scouring. I am sure it was around 1:00 a.m. before we completed the task. I remember being so tired and thinking I wish Mom would say "this is good enough for tonight", but she didn't stop and I knew better than to ask her to stop until we were finished. In her mind it was wrong to do a job just half way, and it must be accomplished the best one could do it.

Mom gave generously of her time and money for a good cause. If one of her children or grandchildren had a financial need in their lives, they could be sure that she would come to their aid. She also found pleasure in giving a few coins to the "little ones" who came to visit her. If one of us went out to dinner with Mom, she did her best to grab the bill. It seemed to delight her to pay her share and more.

In 1931-32 during the depression, Mom said we had only \$12.00 in cash during this one year. However, she found others who were worse off than we were, and she did something about it. She removed the lining out of old coats and used the non-faded part of a coat to make mittens and wraps. She took old dresses and pieces of material and with the addition of a little ribbon and lace, beautiful dresses were made. When Christmas day arrived, she sent me, to the family she had picked out, with a big box of pretty, serviceable, and warm clothing. I shall never forget the happy feeling I had of sharing in a small way her altruistic desire to help others in need.

After Mom was way past the retiring age when most people would have given up work, she still worked. She would have been eighty-three years old in five more weeks when she passed away. Nevertheless, during the last fifteen years of her life, she did the daily book-keeping at our beauty salon in Glendale. This involved driving out to the salon at night after closing hours to do the book work while Leonard did the cleaning. Many times they would still be there at 11:00 or 12:00 p.m. They did this inspite of great inconvenience to themselves. Mom's legs became swollen and she had a problem in standing on them. When she finally reached the point where it was painful to walk more than a few steps at a time, she had Leonard push her in a wheelchair back and forth to the garage. Once in the car, she would drive to the salon and the grocery store. Whenever I would say to her, "Mom, when you want to quit

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

working, you say so, and we will sell the salon". She would answer back, "I think we had better keep going for a little longer". She continued doing this work until three weeks before she died.

You can see by the previous instance that Mom was plucky and she didn't give up easily. She wanted to be independent and to drive her car. The last time I took her to get her driver's license she had to stand in line with her bad legs so long that I didn't know if she could make it and neither did she. However, she resolutely endured to the end. She was still driving just before her death.

Our Mom was not afraid of life; and she had a desire to live it fully. The only time we heard her say anything to the contrary was just before she died when she was so sick, and then she stipulated that she wanted to get well but if she continued to feel sick then she no longer wanted to live. Mom told us two days before she died that she wanted us to take her home. On the other hand, she made it clear to all of us that when her time was up that she wanted to be taken back to Idaho so that she could be buried by her people.

She had a deep abiding testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Some of the church positions that she served in are: Twenty-seven months on a Stake Mission, Work Director Counselor in Elysian Park Ward Relief Society, three years as Relief Society President in the same Ward, and three years as Work Director Counselor in the Stake Relief Society Presidency. Before Mom was released as a counselor in the Stake, she started going to the temple to perform endowments for others. She went alone if she had to, but often she had others who went with her. The sisters in the ward had a standing invitation to ride with her. Mom would pick them up at their homes and deliver them when they came back.

While looking through the papers that Mom had saved, we found three hundred and forty-one slips showing where she had performed initiatory and endowment work for this many patrons. It was while she was performing this service that she was called as a set apart Temple Ordinance Worker. She fulfilled this calling in the Los Angeles Temple for seven years. In the meantime her legs became so painful that she could no longer function in her duties so she requested release. Again we found among her keepsakes the ends torn off the partron's slips depicting that she had aided one thousand eighty-three patrons through the veil besides working in initiatory booths and following sessions.

Early in January, 1947, Mike and I came to Los Angeles and lived with Mom and Leonard. I was a young widow and Mike was eighteen months old. Mom and Leonard never hesitated to make this sacrifice for us in spite of the fact that it brought about a major change in their lives at a time when they deserved peace and quiet. We lived together for fourteen years. I will always be grateful to them for making room in their home and in their lives for us.

A sense of pride and gratitude was instilled in our family for the Swiss background and heritage from her ancestors. I never remember of our Mom saying anything but good about her parents. She loved and cherished the memories of her Mother and loved and respected her Father. She often talked of their sacrifice for their large family.

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ AND LEONARD MILTON WILDE FAMILY
BY THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN - JUNE 1985

Mom was proud of her children but she never hesitated to tell us if she thought we were wrong. She usually started out with down-to-earth advice and ended up with spiritual counsel. Her love for all of us was not an outward display of affection but we were fully aware of its impact. One of her last requests included having a family get together at her house during the Christmas Holidays. This desire was not fulfilled because of her death but it is an example of her great love for us and her desire to be with us.

The example of Mom's life has left its imprint on we who are her descendants. I am proud to be one of her children. I shall ever be grateful to her for her love, understanding, fortitude and strength of character that she exhibited to us.

By: Norma

TRIBUTE TO ELLA GRACE KUNZ WILDE & LEONARD MILTON WILDE
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

AUNT ELLA...FAMILY SOLIDARITY
COUNSELED IN KINDNESS...ENCOURAGED...DEMONSTRATED LOVE

To me, Aunt Ella was a benefactor. The depression was in process. She encouraged me to go on a mission. Money was a scarce item, but every so often a \$5.00 bill would appear in the mail. She backed the mission at inception and then later with financial assistance. In my case, she demonstrated that faith without works is dead. Her generosity has never been forgotten.

She has many talents. Given the right environment, she could have achieved even greater success in the business world. She made cheese in Bern and I believe she was the first in the area to market the Maytag washing machine. Sound in judgment, and hard working, her ability was apparent.

During her lifetime she stood as a rock in the midst of storm. She became the center and family solidarity was preserved and enhanced. She kept in touch, counseled in kindness, encouraged, and consistently demonstrated her love. Perhaps only the love of God can transcend that of a Mother's.

By: Vernon

C H A P T E R 7

E R M A L E V E R N K U N Z Y O U N G

A N D

J O S E P H T H O R N T O N Y O U N G

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

ERMA LEVERN KUNZ & JOSEPH THORNTON YOUNG FAMILY

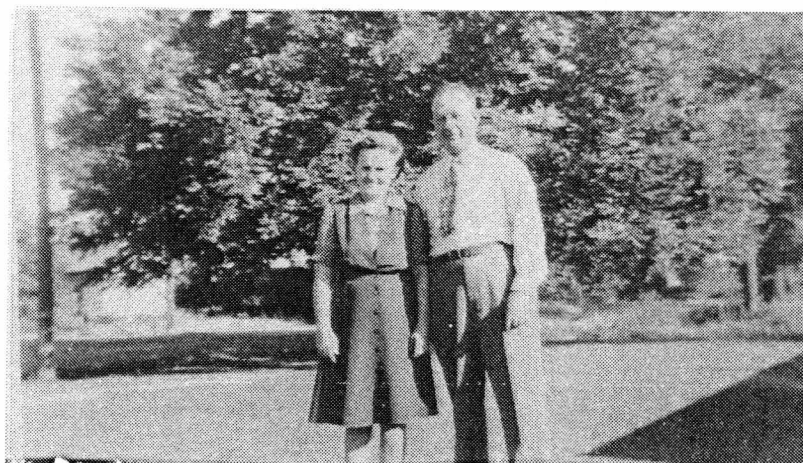
7. Erma Levern KUNZ 5-19-1897 85 East 100 North
¶ Joseph Thornton YOUNG 4- 2-1895 Orem, Utah 84057
801-225-6017
- 7.1. Harley Thornton YOUNG 11-25-1916 *



ERMA LEVERN KUNZ YOUNG
A beautiful brown eyed lady.



JOSEPH THORNTON YOUNG
A capable missionary.



AUNT ERMA AND UNCLE THORNTON
A happy and beautiful life together.

MY AUNT ERMA....A BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYED LADY
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

Shortly after my Father's death, Aunt Erma and Uncle Thornton made a trip to Bern and appeared at my Mother's home. They indicated that they had come to take her to American Fork. Aunt Erma worked at the State Training school, and she had arranged for Mom to work there. They took her in and treated her like an elite member of the family. They fed her, provided sleeping quarters and saw to it that she had transportation to and from work. It had been a lonesome time in Mom's life. Dad had passed away and I lived 300 miles distant. I truly believe that the time she spent with them was one of the happiest and most satisfying times in her life. Many times I have read the Bible story of the good Samaritan, but it does not touch me like the one my Mother experienced. Aunt Erma and Uncle Thornton would not accept any money or any other form of compensation. I'm sure there will be a special place prepared for those people who show such compassion and love for others who grieve and are in dire need of companionship and the association of those who care.

Aunt Erma is a beautiful lady. Deep brown eyes prompted some of her brothers to refer to her as "Brownie". She laughed easily and spontaneously. It wasn't difficult for her to entertain others and make them feel at ease. A relative described Uncle Thornton and Aunt Erma after seeing them for the first time as follows:

"Thornton was clean-cut, good looking and very sociable and his wife was beautiful. She had really dark hair and eyes that fairly sparkled. Her complexion was like a movie star's and her smile revealed a row of even white teeth. She was sitting at a table taking tickets for a dance the first time I met her, but even in that position, I could tell that her figure was petite. I remember thinking she was the most beautiful person I had ever met." From Young Memoirs" page 270.

She was a fastidious housekeeper. Everything had a freshly scrubbed and waxed shine. Uncle Thornton, after working in the fields was careful to take off his shoes before entering the house. If cleanliness is next to godliness and order is the first law of heaven, and I'm sure they are, Aunt Erma will be able to claim all honors. Not only was she particular about her physical surroundings, but her inner self reflected spiritual maturity born of righteous living and a testimony of the gospel that was unwavering.

She was frugal, industrious and hard working. Uncle Thornton said that when he was on his mission in the late thirties, Erma sent him \$50.00 per month and they had more money in the bank when he returned than when he left.

ERMA LEVERN KUNZ AND JOSEPH THORNTON YOUNG FAMILY

I do not pretend to be able to define the reasons for her present incapacitated condition. In the words of the hymn "someday, sometime we'll understand" why a lady such as Aunt Erma who is without guile, intelligent, wise and lovely in every respect and who lived a Christ-like life should be so restricted in her later years. All I know is that some of the best of Heavenly Father's children were through history called upon to suffer - to Socrates they gave the hemlock - Joseph Smith was martyred - and Christ, the most perfect of all was nailed to a cross. But some day, even as they, Aunt Erma will be free from all her present restrictions and afflictions. That we know!!!

By: Vernon

MY UNCLE THORNTON....AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN

BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

When we came to this earth, a veil was drawn. Not a complete loss of memory, but almost so. Our remembrance of our previous life comes in flickers and ever since my teen age years, I have felt a kind of pre-earth acquaintance with Uncle Thornton. I listened intently to his conversations with my parents and I felt a kinship with him. I recall particularly his allusions to his missionary experiences - not much of what was said, but more specifically his sincerity, pleasant voice, contagious chuckle and I felt I was in the presence of an extraordinary man. I hoped he would delay his departure. Those feelings shared by a host of others. He calls on those whom he has known through the years, writes letters and makes telephone contact. In all of the western and mid-west states he would have no difficulty in knocking on a friendly door.

Until age 17 he lived in Kansas, with relatives or farmers who gave him employment. Then his brother Leonard sent him the money to board a train to Montpelier. His activities were diversified - sheep herding, hay fields, mining and dairying in Dry Valley to mention a few, and numerous jobs in California were all a part of his experience. His crowning accomplishment, I believe, came later in life as a successful American Fork farmer - principal crops being onions, cabbage and celery. At the time the farmers in that area were selling those crops for \$8.00 per ton. They sent him to California and he developed marketing contacts that yielded \$15.00 per ton. This eventually developed into a successful cooperative in that farming community.

Uncle Thornton was an avid sportsman. He liked to hunt. Coons and opossum in Kansas and in later years bob cats and lions. On the dance floor he was graceful and at ease. He was a whiz on the baseball diamond and it is agreed that if the scouts had been out at the right time he and Seymour Kunz would have made the big leagues.

Music has always been an important part of his life. He is a talented soloist, violin and saxophone player, choir and chorus director. He served as a missionary in the Northern States Mission, a teacher and leader in the auxiliary organizations and a High Priest Group Leader, to name a few.

He is a man of his word. At one time he expressed a desire to Claire Freeman that he would like to buy his riding horse. The rest of the story in his own word:

"Later Clair went into the Army, and he brought the horse to me and said, 'you can have him for \$75.00! I wanted him the worst way, but didn't know how I could get the money. He said - 'you take the horse, if I come back you can pay me later. If I don't you can have her'.

"When he returned from the Army he went off somewhere and I didn't see him again for 32 years. Finally in 1950 I met his brother. I told him to have Claire come and see me. He came and said - 'If you think I've come for the money you are sadly mistaken'. We had a nice visit, but when I wrote him a check I had a dickens of a time getting him to take it". From "Young Memoirs" page 367.

The challenges have been many. Their only child Harley lived for about a year. Aunt Erma has been incapacitated for many years. Uncle Thornton has cared for her in their own home. Of this experience he writes:

"My challenge has been a refining influence.....I feel it must have been something I needed in my life. We love her and hope she'll stay with us for as long as she can. We need her until we have serenity a part of our lives". from "Young Memoirs" page 417.

Words cannot adequately describe the scene, when once again Uncle Thornton, Aunt Erma and Harley, relieved of all the infirmities of mortality, will be together again never to be torn apart. Among other thing, Aunt Erma will repeat the words she expressed sometime before her illness - "Thornton, you know that you are the only man I have ever loved".

By: Vernon

C H A P T E R 8

E A R L D E W E Y K U N Z

A N D

S A R A H A G A T H A S O R E N S O N K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

EARL DEWEY KUNZ & SARAH AGATHA SORENSON FAMILY

8. Earl Dewey KUNZ 6-17-1899 * 1022 Grant
¶ Sarah Agatha SORENSON 7- 3-1909 Montpelier, Idaho 83254
208-847-1872



UNCLE EARL DEWEY AND AUNT SARAH AGATHA SORENSON KUNZ
THEY LOVE EACH OTHER VERY MUCH



EARL, SARAH, VIRGINIA & BUD
A HAPPY DAY IN THE PARK



EARL, CARRIE, DELMAR, MARLENE, MONTAIN
WANDA, RAMONA, BUD & VIRGINIA
AT YELLOWSTONE PARK

TRIBUTE TO EARL DEWEY AND SARAH AGATHA SORENSON KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

It was Uncle Earl who called me and informed me of the tragic death of a beloved Aunt and Uncle, Wanda and DelMar. Hardly an hour later the phone rang again, and he informed me that it was the wish of the family that I make a few comments at the funeral. Where there were broken hearts he was present. I recall also that he was at the mortuary when the hearse arrived in Montpelier from Salt Lake City when my Dad passed away.

It was also his lot, along with Uncle Oneal, in the dead of winter to move their Mother from Bern to the Budge Memorial Hospital. Logan Canyon was closed. Snow plows were virtually unknown. So they placed Grandmother in the automobile, loaded wooden slats held together with wire, and headed for Soda Springs. The slats were used to place atop snow drifts to bear some of the weight of the automobile and miraculously they reached their destination. Faith, ingenuity and a demonstration of love for their bed ridden Mother combined to make their objective a reality.

Similarly I should note that when my Dad was stricken with leukemia, it was Earl and Oneal who took him to the hospital in Salt Lake City. That was his last automobile ride before he passed away. Never did Earl and Oneal stand passively on the side lines. They were the doers, not the observers.

Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah, were truly partners - not only as husband and wife, but in other pursuits. They worked together in the operation of a cafe in Montpelier, and in later years a motel in Salt Lake City.

Uncle Earl was usually in a hurry. His speech was never slow or halting and his step was quick. In his early years he drove his car hard and fast. One person observed an auto going down the road at a fast rate of speed and made the comment - "He's driving like Earl when he isn't in a hurry".

He was assertive, and he spoke authoritatively. But he laughed easily. Beneath his direct approach was a heart filled with sympathy and responsiveness to misfortune. I am sure that Aunt Sarah found it a unique experience to live with him, and that he is sorely missed. We miss him also.

By: Vernon

TRIBUTE TO EARL DEWEY AND SARAH AGATHA SORENSON KUNZ
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

UNCLE EARL AND AUNT SARAH
MY "HAPPY-GO-LUCKY" FRIENDS

It is not possible to write about Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah without considering them together. They were inseparable throughout their lives, and operated as "one". It was my privilege for many years of my life to have a very close association with them and to know of their joys and happiness together. I cherish these memories.

Uncle Earl was slight in stature, having the facial appearance of his Father, Robert, and the body of his beautiful Mother, Caroline. He, like his brothers, always moved fast, with short fast steps, giving the appearance of being "all business". He always had a pleasant look on his face with sparkling eyes and infectious smile. Everyone loved to be in his presence.

When I was born, Uncle Earl was 19 years of age, and I remember in my early childhood relating to him. He always paid me much attention and would line up with me as my partner against Foster and Oneal in our "rough-and-tumble games". This intimate relationship lasted throughout our lives.

As a young boy it seemed to me that Uncle Earl was destined to be an old bachelor since he did not find his true love until he was 28 years of age. I remember him finding this beautiful 18 year old girl, 10 years younger than he in far away Dingle. They fell in love and were married on the 13th of October in 1927. They purchased the Louis Kunz home in Bern. It was located between Ivan Schmid's and Paul Kunz's home. In this house I spent many happy hours with my Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah. Uncle Earl and I loved to play cards, such as, Solo (Sluff), Pinochle, or Poker, all three being gambler's games. We would play for what we thought was real money, keeping score, on indebtedness to each other. Uncle Earl later moved to Montpelier, and I believe he still owes me big money (big joke). He didn't only move he and Aunt Sarah but he moved his house, as well, and located it on the lot where Aunt Sarah now lives. The house was remodeled and this became their permanent residence. Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah loved to be together in their new home.

Uncle Earl did not like to farm or milk cows and he determined early in life that he would not be a farmer or rancher. He, along with Oneal and others from Bern, became involved with the Pacific Fruit Express Company and worked for them most of their lives. In the winter they would harvest ice from the ice ponds along the railroad tracks north of Montpelier, storing it for summer use, along with maintaining the heaters in the winter on the railroad cars carrying perishables on the Union Pacific Railroad.

He must have become dis-encharmed with this work or possibly had a falling out with the PFE because he left the company where he had been employed for many years to become a business man operating a cafe in Montpelier. The Cafe was located on the north side of the street near where Bird's barber shop is located. He and Aunt Sarah were very successful in the restaurant business, catering to the railroad men, providing quality food in a very clean pleasant environment. Aunt Sarah worked many months as a qualified, pleasant waitress, serving the public and making the business operate smoothly.

TRIBUTE TO EARL DEWEY AND SARAH AGATHA SORENSON KUNZ
BY: DEVIRL A. "BUD" KUNZ

Uncle Earl handled the personnel problems and the money and I believe he did almost every other operation in the cafe. He loved to just be the boss and the business man. When the railroad started moving people from Montpelier Uncle Earl's business slowed, and he eventually closed the cafe.

Uncle Earl then moved to Salt Lake City where they managed two different motels. One was located on second West and the other on South State Street. This was hard work, maintaining the business and catering to the public, but they did it well and were loved and trusted by their employers. Uncle Earl's health began to fail and they moved back to Montpelier to their lovely little home. Uncle Earl's lungs were bad and he was required to carry oxygen with him wherever he went with Aunt Sarah always by his side assisting him.

Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah wanted to have children very much, but were unable to do so. I believe Uncle Earl had mumps when he was young which kept them from having children. Even though they never had children of their own, they always seemed to have a child living with them. I remember when Aunt Sarah's beautiful Sister, Sena, was killed in an automobile accident, leaving her daughter without a Mother, Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah became her self appointed parents and they loved and cared for her and gave her a good life and the security that she needed. They were so proud of her.

Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah loved children, especially their neices and nephews. I can still, in my minds eye, see Uncle Earl with one on his shoulders, with a big smile on his face. I don't believe any of his neices or nephews ever grew up without having a ride on Uncle Earl's shoulders. I'm sure that I had many such rides.

Aunt Sarah's and Uncle Earl's life is a beautiful love story. They not only loved each other when first married but throughout their entire lives. We all know the hardships Uncle Earl experienced during his last years, as he carried an oxygen bottle every where he went to facilitate his breathing, with Aunt Sarah constantly by his side giving him the tender loving care that he needed and deserved. All of us remember the sadness that existed in Aunt Sarah's heart on the passing of Uncle Earl and the many days, weeks, months and years that she went to his grave site to just be near him and to reflect on their lives and her love for him.

Yes, Uncle Earl has passed on for the present but we are grateful to have Aunt Sarah still with us. The love story will never end for life is eternal and some day in the future Aunt Sarah and Uncle Earl will be back together again with all of those children that they made happy in their lives and who love them very much.

In closing this tribute to my Uncle Earl and Aunt Sarah, I just want to say that I have loved every hour spent with you in this life and hope to spend many more pleasant hours with you in the life here-after. I want to tell you both that "I love you very much .

By: Bud

C H A P T E R 9

O N E A L R U D G E R K U N Z

A N D

A S E N E T H B A C O N K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E



ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON
KUNZ FAMILY

ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON KUNZ
Handsome Bride Groom
Beautiful Bride
Wedding day - Sept 7, 1920

VIRGINIA KUNZ PRICE - ASENETH BACON KUNZ
KAREN KUNZ - ONEAL RUDGER KUNZ
EDITH KUNZ RASMUSSEN - VERNAL DEORR KUNZ
OMA KUNZ NORTHUP - MELVIN KENT KUNZ
ELVA KUNZ NIELD - WAYNE ONEAL KUNZ
A loyal loveable family
Always together in work and play



ONEAL RUDGER KUNZ & ASENETH BACON KUNZ



ASENETH BACON KUNZ & ONEAL RUDGER KUNZ
Aunt Aseneth and Uncle Oneal - always together,
with their family, in work and in play.



UNCLE ONEAL AND AUNT ASENETH
As we knew them - Picture taken in 1964

ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

9.	Oneal Rudger KUNZ	11-10-1901	*	
	¶ Aseneth BACON	6-20-1905	*	
9.1.	Vernal DeOrr KUNZ	8-20-1922		337 Boise Street
	¶ Mary Mildred SMEDLEY	5-25-1922		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-0711
9.1.1.	Margo Lynn KUNZ	9-16-1941		7054 Sagebrush Way
	¶ Larry Oren NATE	2- 3-1939		Salt Lake City, Utah 84121
				801-943-1262
	1. Jeffrey Dee NATE	4-26-1962		
	2. Janet Lynn NATE	5- 2-1966		
	3. Todd Allen NATE	3-10-1974		
9.1.2.	Dennis DeOrr KUNZ	7-21-1945		1452 Cherry Blossm Cr.
	¶ Kathy TREMELLING	7- 3-1947	+	West Valley City, Ut. 84120
	¶ Laurie	10-13-		801-964-6321
	1. Traci Lynne KUNZ	8-16-1966		
9.1.3.	Lonnie Vernal KUNZ	9-25-1947		619 North 3rd
	¶ LaRae HYMAS	8-11-1947		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-0744
	1. Lonnie Kim KUNZ	1-17-1967		
	2. Brent V. KUNZ	8-23-1971		
	3. Nicole Rae KUNZ	11- 2-1976		
9.1.4.	Larry Ray KUNZ	11- 1-1951		P. O. Box 237
	¶ Penny Lee HYMAS	2- 4-1955		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-2687
	Expecting in July			
9.1.5.	Ricki Lee KUNZ	8-11-1954		573 North Third Street
	¶ Charlene SIMS	11- 3-1956		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-1134
	1. Tyler Jonathan KUNZ	5-28-1979		
9.2.	Edith KUNZ	11-16-1924		140 Hillside Drive
	¶ Robert D. RASMUSSEN	11- 5-1922		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-0262
9.2.1.	Judy Ann RASMUSSEN	5-17-1942		409 North 6th
	¶ Glen Dean GRUNIG	6-16-1938		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-0151
	1. Brett Glenn GRUNIG	4-16-1961		803 Jackson
	¶ Tonya Kay JACOBSEN	12-23-1962		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-2506
	1. Quinn Glen GRUNIG	1-22-1984		
	2. Patricia Ann Grunig	10-12-1962		Star Route
	¶ Andrew Jay LAYLAND	3-28-		Montpelier, Idaho 83254
				208-847-3056
	1. Adam Richard LAYLAND	8-28-1982		
	2. Jerrick J. LAYLAND	3-16-1985		

ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

3. Deborah Lynn GRUNIG	10-12-1962	624 Grant
¶ Bruce BURGOYNE	9-22-1958	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
		208-847-0752
1. Jessica Lynn BURGOYNE	4-22-1980	
4. Tamara Lorraine GRUNIG	3-15-1973	
5. Mary Lynn GRUNIG	10-27-1974	
9.2.2. Terry Dean RASMUSSEN	7-28-1944 *	
9.2.3. Christie RASMUSSEN	10-19-1948	716 Adams
¶ Michael F. OCHSENBEIN	2- 5-1949	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
		208-847-1669
1. Troy F. OCHSENBEIN	7-24-1970	
2. Tod M. OCHSENBEIN	7-24-1970	
3. Stephanie K. OCHSENBEIN	7-26-1973	
4. Jennifer OCHSENBEIN	2-15-1980	
9.2.4. Lanny RASMUSSEN	4-19-1950	825 Linda
¶ Robert Gilbert BLOOM	3-26-1953	Pocatello, Idaho 83201
		208-234-1054
9.2.5. Robert Craig RASMUSSEN	4-21-1954	2913 Chieftan
¶ Julie Ann PERKINS	6-15-1956	Boise, Idaho 83709
		208-362-3111
1. Tawna Ann RASMUSSEN	12-17-1980	
9.2.6. Lisa K. RASMUSSEN	10-19-1957	North 8th General Delivery
¶ Todd J. SMITH	5-21-1955	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
		208-847-2421
1. Levi J. SMITH	10-11-1975	
2. Teri Lynn SMITH	7-18-1978	
3. Jason Robert SMITH	12- 8-1979	
4. Joshua Oneal SMITH	12- 8-1979	
5. Jesse Wells SMITH	5-25-1981	
9.3. Melvin Farrell KUNZ	9- 8-1927	270 Woodlawn
¶ Velda SMITH	12- 7-1931	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
		208-847-0842
9.3.1. Melvin Kent KUNZ	9-14-1947	3933 Burritt Way
¶ Carol LANE	12-20-1947	La Crescenta, CA 91214
		213-249-8959
1. Shane Michael KUNZ	11-15-1970	
2. Eric KUNZ	12-18-1972	
9.3.2. Jacquelyn KUNZ	5-12-1951	1121 North Joseph
¶ Robert BUCKMILLER	7-20-1950	Santa Maria, CA 93454
		805-925-7233
1. Cecelia DeNell BUCKMILLER	3-20-1972	
2. Katrina Denice BUCKMILLER	8-23-1974	
9.4. Oma KUNZ	12-31-1929	3244 Frances Avenue
¶ Dale Eugene NORTHUP	7-29	La Crescenta, CA. 91214
		818-248-2174

ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

9.4.1.	Dale Eugene NORTHUP Jr. ¶ Linda WOOD	5-28-1957 7-11-1961	3243 Honolulu La Crescenta CA 91214 818-957-2298
1.	Kyle NORTHUP	7-26-1984	
9.4.2	Brian Patrick NORTHRUP ¶ Melinda NIELD	7- 1-1961 11- 5-1959	2147 Glenada Montrose, CA 91020 818-249-6010
9.5.	Elva KUNZ ¶ Kenneth E. NIELD	1-18-1931 12- 9-1926	256 South 9th Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-1572
9.5.1.	Vicki Kay NIELD ¶ Steven George NATE	1-10-1951 6-26-1950	Box 15 Dingle, Idaho 83233 208-847-2279
1.	Steven Jared NATE	2- 4-1975	
2.	Jamey Nicole NATE	6- 3-1976	
3.	Kendra Lee NATE	2-16-1978	
4.	Melissa Ann NATE	7-13-1979	
5.	Amelia Marie NATE	3-15-1981	
6.	Joseph D. NATE	2- 6-1983	
7.	Daniel Oneal NATE	4-19-1985	
9.5.2.	Keven NIELD ¶ Jocelyn Idelia ROBISON	12- 2-1954 9-18-1957	Star Route #2 Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-2019
1.	Lacy Dawn NIELD	3-31-1978	
2.	Jessica Lynn NIELD	9-13-1980	
3.	Philip Keven NIELD Expecting in September	9-19-1983	
9.5.3.	Loye Ann NIELD ¶ Ted Scott McCRACKEN	8- 5-1957 9- 8-1956	Hutton Height Villa #27 Green River, Wyoming 82935 307-875-4029
1.	Cordell Scott McCRACKEN	6-15-1978	
2.	Miranda Joe McCRACKEN	12-14-1982	
3.	Alex Kenneth McCRACKEN	3-23-1985	
9.5.4.	Melinda NIELD ¶ Brian Patrick NORTHUP	11- 5-1959 8- 1-1962	2147 Glenada Ave. Montrose, CA 91020 818-249-6010
9.5.5.	Thad E. NIELD	1- 4-1967	
9.6.	Wayne Oneal KUNZ ¶ Olive May HUNTER	11-21-1932 7- 3-1936	866 Adams Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-0080
9.6.1.	Daniel Wayne KUNZ ¶ Susan TIPPETS	5- 7-1953 11-23-1954	752 Jefferson Street Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-2151
1.	Daniel Christopher KUNZ	5-25-1984	
9.6.2	Michael Oneal KUNZ ¶ Judy Marie ALGER	6-10-1954 12-19-1957	145 South 9th Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-2222
1.	Jacques Wayne KUNZ	1-10-1982	

ONEAL RUDGER & ASENETH BACON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

2. Joshua Pierre KUNZ	8-19-1983	
3. Trista Monique KUNZ	12-15-1984	
9.6.3 Olive Luann KUNZ	4-28-1956	Box 265
¶ Kenneth E. TRANSTRM	2- 6-1953	St. Charles, Idaho 83254 208-945-2407
1. Mark Kenneth TRANSTRUM	11-22-1981	
2. Rochelle TRANSTRUM	7- 6-1983	
3. Jesssica TRANSTRUM	12-27-1984	
9.6.4. Bret DeWayne KUNZ	11-21-1958	739 Jefferson
¶ Marti THOMPSON	6-12-1963	Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-0854
1. Matthew DeWayne KUNZ	3-18-1985	
9.6.5. Karla Lynn KUNZ	9- 1-1963	494 North 8th
¶ Mondie Steven STUMP	5-21-1962	Montplier, Idaho 83254 208-847-0854
1. Tabatha Lyn STUMP	12-17-1984	
9.6.6. Sharon Aseneth KUNZ	4-24-1967	
¶ Randell C. BARTCHI	7- 6-1958	
1. Shinte Cassidy BARTCHI	9-12-1984	
9.6.7. Julie K. KUNZ	2-19-1969	(Same as Wayne's
9.7. Virginia KUNZ	9-29-1934	255 South 10th, Box 327
¶ Kenneth Merlin PRICE	8-24-1928	Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-0854
9.7.1. Merlyn Kay PRICE	12-26-1950	
¶ Harry Peter SORENSON		+ Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-2031
1. Megan Renee SORENSON	3-29-	
2. Marcus Lehi Sorenson	11-10-1979	
9.7.2. Kirk Dee PRICE	9-22-1954	
9.7.3. Carson Kenneth PRICE	9-19-1956	240 South 10th
¶ Janeene BIRD	6-20-1961	Montpelier, Idaho 83254 208-847-0337
1. Jerimah Carson PRICE	9-11-1979	
2. Jedideah Dennis PRICE	12- 2-1980	
3. Effie Patricia PRICE	4- 3-1984	
9.7.4. ReNee Ann PRICE	8-15-1961	
9.7.5. Hal Mark PRICE	8-22-1964	
9.8. Karen KUNZ	8-11-1949	113 14th Street, Apt. C Seal Beach, CA 90740 213-431-1126

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

OUR HELPING, LOVING GRANDPARENTS....ONEAL AND ASENETH
BY: MARY MILDRED AND VERNAL DEORR KUNZ

If ever we needed anything, or just to talk, we could always go to either "Grandpa" or "Grandma" Kunz, or to both of them. Their words of counsel were lovingly given and were often like therapy to the soul. Their many years of real life experiences provided insight into many facets of life and the importance of the life hereafter. "Grandpa" was our respected and honored Family Patriarch and we listened to his words, felt his feelings and respected his judgement. "Grandma's" ideas and opinions were freely given and always in support of her kind and loving husband.

One of the big things in our lives was to go to their house for a meal because "Grandma" was such a good cook and anything she fixed tasted delicious. We will in the future try to capture and use some of the recipes she used to make our lives more enjoyable and to show her love for us.

They were both energetic workers and worked hard all of their lives. "Grandma" always there to help "Grandpa" out, assisting in what ever he was doing, whether it be around the house or down in the fields. "Grandpa" was a qualified mechanic and could repair most everything on automobiles or farm equipment. There was no job too big or technical that he would not undertake.

Their main concerns were for their children and grandchildren. They knew them all intimately and gave support, encouragement and love that was boundless. They wanted them to grow both physically and spiritually and to be independent. They wanted them to control their lives and never waste their time.

Therefore, we have nothing but fond memories of "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Kunz and we miss them so very much. Even though today they have passed on their example and influence will be with us always. We love our "Grandma" and "Grandpa" Kunz and we hope to live worthy to be with them again someday.

By: Mildred

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

MOM AND DAD...OUR LIFE LONG HELPERS
BY: EDITH AND ROBERT D. RASMUSSEN

Our memories about our Mom and Dad...Grandma and Grandpa Kunz

Dad had endless energy and was always on the run, in his "take charge" manner, doing his work and Mom was always trying desperately to keep up with him. She was his constant helper, and she loved it, running after tools, repair parts, food or for whatever was needed to make his job easier. The day was never too long or the night too dark for Mom to be by his side.

Mom spent literally hundreds of hours with me when our children were being born, helping me to "grow up" and to face the challenges of a family. She was by my bedside holding my hand and always quietly giving me encouragement and then caring for the children until I had recovered. Being very young when Judy was born, I needed all of her tender loving care and advice.

Mom and Dad spent many days, with loving concern, as they took Terry to Salt Lake for polio treatments. These were trying times and we always felt their love and concern. She and Dad had a beautiful relationship and we are sure their greeting on the other side was one of great joy and happiness.

Dad and Mom seemed to enjoy working with us in the Virday Cafe and we appreciated having them near by. Dad had so many mechanical capabilities and could do the repair and maintenance on the restaurant equipment, taking this pressure and burden from us.

Mom would occasionally wait on tables, when we were swamped, and she would come back with a big beautiful smile on her face and a \$1 tip in her hand. We know they worked hard in the cafe but it gave us a real opportunity to be close together and learn more about each other and to feel their love. We will all cherish the thoughts of the hours we spent together.

Mom and Dad spent more time with their grandchildren than most grandparents and in this way they became intimately acquainted, and developed a feeling of love that will be with them always. We are grateful for the time and effort they put forth to help them become better and stronger both mentally and spiritually.

Mom and Dad spent hours running errands, doing repairs, taking grandkids to Drivers Training, getting a horse out of trouble for Judy, helping to make important decisions in our lives that we needed help with, and calling on them for help almost everyday.

In conclusion, we probably didn't let them know how much we loved and appreciated them during the time they were with us. We now want to say we love and appreciate you Mom and Dad and will cherish the day we can be with you again. May this be our constant goal.

By: Edith

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

MOM AND DAD...A LIFE SKETCH...WITH DEEP APPRCIATION
BY: ELVA AND KENNETH E. NIELD

Our thoughts and deep feelings carry us back over the many years of Mom and Dad's life and we once again reflect on how difficult it was for them to give us life, bringing eight children into this world, during a time when the worst depression in immediate history (1930's) was on. Money was difficult to obtain with men working in the fields for \$1 per day, when the work was available. It was just not an easy thing to pay for the babies, put food on the table and provide for 8 young and active children.

As we have grown older, I have come to realize the price in work, and worry they paid for them to raise us and to provide the necessities of life. I am sure there were many sleepless nights of anxiety and frustration as they met the challenges of the day just ahead.

I know that they loved us all very much, when I realize how much they sacrificed for us during all of our sickness and the other trials and problems we needed help with in our family. I will always cherish the thought of the tender loving care they so freely gave to all of us.

I only remember of two places where we lived, Bern and Montpelier, Idaho. All of the children were born in the white house in Bern on the corner, that Paul and Marlene Kunz now live in. After Karen was born we moved to Montpelier and this became our permanent home.

Our Dad was always a very hard worker, never wasting any time and always appearing to be in a hurry. He worked for the Pacific Fruit Express (PFE) most of his life, starting in his early life by harvesting ice during the winter at the old Ice House located north of town and off the Bern Road. He would work in the summer servicing box cars hauling fruit and perishables. In the winter time he would service the heaters on the cars. It was often very difficult for him to get home through the deep snow, and many times he had to shovel his way through the snow. Mom would always worry and set up and wait for him realizing the difficulty he would have getting home. If Dad was not home when we went to bed we would leave him a note on the table and in the morning he would have written on it and answered our requests.

In the summer time Dad would contract to put up hay on the Austin Ranch on the Blackfoot River and also on the Buckley Ranch in Cokeville, Wyoming. He had an idea that an automobile frame and motor could be utilized to replace the horses on a "Bull Rake" and he designed and built one of the first that was successfully used. This was a big contribution in the haying work. He had good farm equipment and he did custom plowing and combining for other farmers. Where ever Dad went Mom was constantly by his side, helping in every way she could.

Even though there was very little money to be earned, we always seemed to have some when we needed it. I have often wondered what they went without to provide us with our needs and wants.

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Mom milked two cows and had some chickens to help us with the much needed food. She also helped Bishop Robert Schmid cut up meat and he would pay her by giving her some meat. His smoked bacon and pork was the best and I can still remember the delicious tastes provided in the meat. Mom raised a garden and we would always help her, each having our own little jobs and this way we learned to take responsibility. I am sure that this early training helped the family members to be successful in their later lives, teaching them how to plan, to work and to be effective in this competitive world.

In their later lives, Mom and Dad both became ill and could not do the things they would like to do and it was left to us children to care for them. Until the day they passed on, they were concerned about all of the children, what they were doing and where they were living. They loved to have them call in the home for a visit and always gave them individual attention.

Mom and Dad, referring to their children and grandchildren often said, "We don't know what we would have done without you". In a similar manner, we as their posterity don't know what we would have done without them. They gave us life, they gave us happiness, they gave us a loyal, loveable family, and they set an example of "enduring to the end" that we can all emulate. They gave us a great heritage and they left a great posterity. We will be forever grateful to them and we want to let them know that we love them very much.

By: Elva

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

LESSONS OF LOVE, CHARITY AND WORK...MOM AND DAD...LIVING EXAMPLES
BY: VIRGINIA AND KENNETH MERLIN PRICE

As I reflect on the lives of Mother and Dad, I can only compare them to the life of the Savior with lessons of love, of charity and of work. As our Mother and Dad developed these qualities in their lives, they, through example and sincere desire, taught the purpose of life and the necessity of following the counsel of our Church leaders, and keeping the Commandments of God. We as their children have been greatly blessed because of their teachings and have in our own individual ways tried to use them and make them a part of our lives.

There was never a time that anyone came to visit Mom and Dad that they did not ask if they had eaten and then they would share their table with them. Mom always had good food and was an excellent cook and could make an excellent meal for everyone.

Early in life we were taught to give an honest days work for a days pay. If this meant working from daylight until dark, so be it. The job at hand had to be done and done to the best of our ability. This practice helped all of us children to be conscientious workers, and helped to make us competitive in the work world. Dad did set a beautiful example even though he jokingly would say, "Don't do as I have done. Do as I tell you!!" and he said it with emphasis.

Mom was an excellent cook and we all relished the dishes she prepared. Her bread was delicious and she was proud to make it and have us enjoy eating it. Mom was proud of her home and I remember every Monday seeing her washing clean and white blowing on the line in the wind. Yes, with eight children there were many pieces of clothing and diapers on those lines.

They gave un-conditional love to all of their children and grandchildren, treating each with the same equal love, and showing this and teaching it every day of their lives. If the grandchildren didn't come to see them they would call or even make a special trip to each house to determine if anything was wrong. They spent many days taking the grandchildren on trips with them to Salt Lake City and to California. Later in life they took trips to Logan to the Doctors and to just have some place to go. Dad always made sure they had a fine meal before they returned home and of course the grandchildren loved it.

The one trip that stands out in my mind was the one we took to the Mormon Miracle Pageant held each year on the Manti Temple grounds. It is so beautiful even to the point of being breath taking and we enjoyed it thoroughly. But the thing that stands out most in my mind was what Dad said to my family, "He didn't have to see the pageant to be able to testify that the Church was true and that Joseph Smith was a living Prophet, that he knew it". This strengthened my testimony, as it did my children. Dad and Mother were so proud that evening when they were able to hear their nephew, President Vernon Kunz, give the opening prayer at the pageant. They love Vernon, and Dad was a proud Uncle that night.

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Another lesson that was taught to me by my Mother and Dad was patience and love as their life drew to an end. I will always be indebted to them for this. After Mom passed away, Dad taught me another valuable lesson on the Law of Charity. His special saying, which made a lasting impression on me was, "He who is without Charity is nobody".

I will always be grateful to Dad and Mother for the lessons they taught, the example they set, the service they gave and for life itself. They are living examples of Christ like charity. We love them both and look forward to the day in the not too far beyond when we meet again. May we continue to live lives worthy of this great event.

By: Virginia

DAD AND MOM...HAD TIME FOR EVERYONE
BY: OMA AND DALE EUGENE NORTHUP

What can I say about Mom and Dad? I am so glad that I was born into your family. You provided me with the important things I needed, such as life itself, a secure childhood, a friendly happy home, a listening ear, caring hearts, and unconditional ever enduring love.

What a blessing it was to have been born and grown up in Bern, Idaho, a beautiful little community in the heart of the mountains. Where else could I have been more secure and sheltered from the world?

Mom and Dad taught us, through precept and example, to be honest with ourselves and our neighbors, to give a full days work for a days pay, to realize that success in life was entirely up to us, to unselfishly love the Lord and our fellowmen and to be actively involved in our family.

They were so proud of their children and their grandchildren and they did everything within their power to keep them near by, to help them and to show their love for them.

Mom and Dad had their "ups and downs", the same as we all do, but they always had a commitment to one another to "work things out" and to help each other over the rough spots.

Dad never would write his history, but he loved to talk about "the good old poor days". If anyone ever came to our home they were invited to enjoy a meal with us. Mothers food was excellent. I still love to use her recipes and enjoy the smell and taste of the food that reminds me of her.

Dad had time for anyone and everyone who needed "just a little lift" with a problem. He was well qualified as a mechanic and would help fixing their cars, tractors and other equipment. I remember Uncle Alvin saying, "Whatever

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Oneal tells me to do with my car, I just do it". He was the final opinion on what to do, how to do it, and he usually ended up doing it.

Dad's "word was his bond". If he told you he would do something, you could be sure that it would be done on time. He never walked away from any commitment, nor was any job too tough to tackle.

Where-ever Dad went, either day or night, Mom was by his side. He had a hard time doing anything without her, relying upon her to provide him with much needed support. It often required hard work and long hours, but Mom always did it with a smile on her face, not as a burden but as a privilege to be by her husband's side, the one she loved and respected most.

Mom and Dad, we love you for just being you, for letting us share our lives and our problems with you. The security we had, in knowing we could take our problems to you and that we would always receive good common sense advice and counsel, was such a great comfort.

We really enjoyed their many visits to our home in California, where we had those great talks about life's problems and gospel principles. Their testimony of the Gospel and their willingness to share it have done much to strengthen ours. I will be eternally grateful for this.

As I reflect on your lives Mom and Dad, I feel you are much like the Apostle Paul who said:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith."

Yes, Mom and Dad, you have fought a good fight, you have kept the faith and you were responsible for helping me to be what I am today. Thanks, Mom and Dad for the gift of life and for letting me be part of your wonderful family. I love you both very much and look forward to the day when we will be together again as a happy family.

By: Oma

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

MY DAD...MY MOM...AND ME
BY: KAREN KUNZ

I have a lot to be grateful for, since I'm the youngest of Oneal and Aseneth's children. I'm grateful that they felt it was alright, to add one more to their family, even though they had seven children. Their youngest was 15 years of age when I was born. Thanks Mom and Dad for not being selfish and allowing me to be a part of this family.

Because I came along later in life, I missed out on a lot of the struggles that Mom and Dad went through, as they learned to become one; and the hardships and joys that come from raising a loyal, loveable family. I was blessed. I've never gone without; always having had the necessities of life, and much more, because they were more secure financially and there were seven others giving to "Auntie".

One thing, for sure, I knew that I was loved and that Mom and Dad cared. They taught me to be honest with my fellowman. They taught me to work and not to be afraid of work...for this I am especially grateful. Pop taught us all to drive. I remember Oma saying how grateful she was for those lessons as she maneuvered a school bus around Los Angeles. Some of the rest of us have received a few tickets, because of a lead foot. Dad and Uncle Earl used to say, "Driver pays all fines".

Dad was a scriptorian. He knew the doctrine of the Church and he loved to read. We used to say that he interpreted it to fit his own needs, but never the less you could count on a good discussion of the Gospel with him. Mom, wasn't as well read, but her feelings and sensitivity of the Gospel were very deep. She had a testimony that our Heavenly Father lives and that Jesus is the Christ.

Mom had a dream once, when she saw the Savior. She was with a group of people and some one asked her if she knew who that man was. She answered, "Why of course, He's the Savior". It was a special experience for her. She knew the importance of prayer and communicated morning and night with the Lord. Often during the day, you might find her on her knees. She paid a full tithing and she was blessed for doing so. Her "food bin" was always sufficient for her needs and she always had a small amount of extra cash saved. She always felt that the Lord blessed her and provided for her.

Mom had a special charm about her that made you love her. She was quiet in comparison to Dad, but you knew Mom was Dad's right hand at home and at work. Mom said the P.F.E. was the only job Dad didn't take her on. She was a worker from sun up to beyond sun down, working along side Dad and still keeping her home and raising 8 children. She loved doing for her family and for those in need. Before Mom became sick she had just completed baby items for the Relief Society to give to the Indian children. Mom and Dad were very generous and always willing to help others.

Mom never missed attending her church meetings. It wasn't Sunday for her if she didn't make it to Church. She loved it when she saw her grandchildren taking part in the ward. She was so proud of them.

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER AND ASENETH BACON KUNZ
BY THEIR CHILDREN - 1985

Dad didn't always attend Church but he was always supportive. I was especially thrilled, while on my mission, that Dad started attending his meetings once again on a regular basis. Before Dad became sick, he was ordained a High Priest and we all were thrilled to see this happen. Mom was so happy and proud.

My Mom was truly a Saint. I know she had her imperfections, but I reckon for a life of service to Dad, 8 children, 33 grandchildren and many great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren she surely must be deserving of the Celestial Kingdom. She was always a lady and kept the laws of God to the best of her knowledge. She truly has been an example of womanhood and the matriarch of this posterity.

Dad is an example of hard work, always going the extra mile. He was honest in his dealings. He knew the Gospel and wanted us to live it. He was our Patriarch and demanded, and deserved the respect and consideration of his family. I know he wasn't perfect and I saw many faults, but I also saw the love, the caring, the generosity and the humor that he possessed and shared so openly. To Dad, the family was everything; how he prayed morning and night in behalf of his posterity. He wants us all to live together again and be as one.

When I think of Mom and Dad I remember a special feeling of security, and I miss this feeling very much now that they have passed on. I have wonderful memories of them...the trips to California to see the family...short trips to Wyoming to see the elk and deer...always a trip to Williamsburg in the fall...a stop in Thayne at the cheese factory...trips to Logan to the Doctor...just being home in the evening with them...Mom and I rocking in the love seat all curled up with a blanket over us. These are just some of the things I love and miss.

I'm grateful for the last years with them. Many people thought I should have settled else where when I came from my mission, but I can never have those years back again, and I am grateful for all of them. Those years were not the easiest. We had our problems during the last few year, especially. These were not easy times but they were filled with caring and loving, along with many gospel principles being taught.

It's difficult to put on paper my feelings and memories of Mom and Dad. We wanted Dad to work on a history and he always said, "You don't want to put all that s..t down on paper.", and we would say, "You don't have to.", and then he would say, "It's not complete without it". This sounds just like Dad, doesn't it?

I know that Dad and Mom are both good, honorable people, the "salt of the earth" their reason for living was for their family and they lived as a Patriarch and Matriarch of their posterity. May we as their posterity, exemplify in our lives, those enduring qualities that we loved in Mom and Dad.

Mom and Dad, this is only one eighth of what you're deserving of!! I love you Mom and Dad!!

By: Karen

TRIBUTE TO ONEAL RUDGER KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

Uncle Oneal is one of my heroes. Without any specific training he could do anything he determined to accomplish, from shoeing or breaking a self-willed horse, repairing an automobile, remodeling an old Buick to take the place of horse drawn push rakes, successfully completing haying contracts, and working in between times for the Pacific Fruit Express. He was innovative and always looking for and finding better ways to improve performance. Innumerable are his talents and his works. But it must be added, his greatest accomplishment lies in his position as the head of a large and faithful posterity. Therein lies his joy and his glory.

He was accustomed to making hard decisions. He said - "Sometimes I get into trouble, but I'm always interested in finding out how I finally work through the difficulty". He was not afraid to take a calculated risk. What he designed to happen, usually did.

His reputation is without blemish. I was with him when he walked into the Thiel and Olsen Store in Montpelier and purchased a new tractor and plow without one cent down payment. He signed a note and was on his way with the equipment.

I worked with him one summer. I figured we were square, but while on a mission he sent a letter and stuffed inside was a handful of currency - not a check or money order. He wasn't indebted to me, but somehow he felt he was. I always think of him as "Mr. Honesty" - "Mr. Integrity".

By: Vernon

C H A P T E R 1 0

E L I Z A B E T H M Y R T L E K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

10. Elizabeth Myrtle KUNZ 5-19-1904 *

TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH MYRTLE KUNZ
BY: DEVIRL A. KUNZ - 1985

Elizabeth Myrtle Kunz was the tenth child of Grandma and Grandpa Kunz. She was born on the 19th of May 1904 and she passed away five days later on the 24th of May 1904. I am sure this was a great tragedy to the entire family but I imagine they were comforted by the understanding that they would be reunited with her again and have the privilege of providing guidance and love as she develops in the life here after.

My Brother, Foster M. Kunz, records in his tribute to "Robert and Caroline Eschler Kunz --Noble Grandparents", a statement written by my Mother, Amy Matilda Kunz, pertaining to Elizabeth Myrtle as follows"

"Eleven children blessed their union. Six boys and five girls were born to this good woman (Caroline). Her tenth child, a girl, died a few days after birth. She (Grandma Caroline) referred to this little girl as a 'tithing child.' She had given her to the Lord."

By: DeVirl

C H A P T E R 11

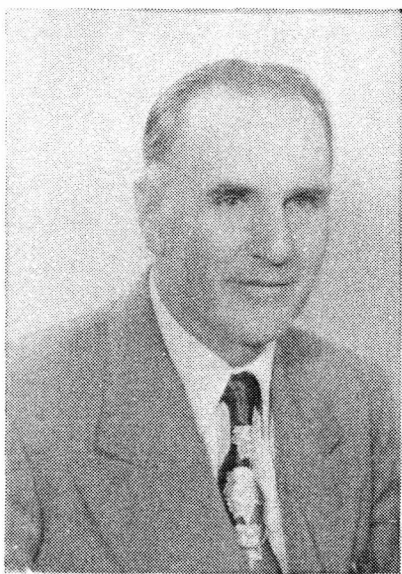
D E L M A R I R V I N K U N Z

A N D

W A N D A P E A R L J O H N S O N K U N Z

F A M I L Y T R I B U T E

DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ



DELMAR IRVIN KUNZ
An example for all of us to follow



WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
A loyal and beautiful wife



WANDA AND DELMAR
AT ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE FISHING SPOTS
A SMILING BEAUTIFUL MOTHER...A CONTENTED FATHER
FISHING WAS ONE OF THEIR JOYS.

DELMAR IRVIN & WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

11.	DelMar Irvin KUNZ	1- 3-1907 *	
	¶ Wanda Pearl JOHNSON	4-10-1910 *	
11.1.	Ramona Gene KUNZ	7- 4-1928	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ Earl "D" JOHNSON	7-22-1925	208-847-0093
11.1.1.	Lana Sue JOHNSON	12- 3-1950	841 Ethel St.
	¶ Danny Randall SANDERS	6- 6-1944 +	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
			208-847-1072
	1. Danielle Marie SANDERS	7- 1-1974	
11.1.2.	Jana Leigh JOHNSON	8-19-1953	567 North 8th #14
	¶ Michael John VOUROS	8- 8-1944 +	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
			208-847-1511
	1. Jamie Leigh VOUROS	1-15-1978	
11.1.3.	Earlene JOHNSON	5-22-1958	Bern, Idaho 83220
			208-847-0093
11.2.	Mountain D. KUNZ	2-12-1932	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ Bettie Joan HANSEN	7- 9-1932	208-847-1625
11.2.1.	Monte Bart KUNZ	5-13-1954	Route #1
	¶ Denice FRAZER	3-21-1954	Afton, Wyoming 83110
			307-886-5636
	1. Jeremy Bart KUNZ	7-12-1976	
	2. Katie Lynn KUNZ	7-24-1978	
	3. BreAnne KUNZ	1-8--1981	
	4. Emily KUNZ	11-27-1982	
11.2.2.	Corey Dee KUNZ	3-16-1956	4438 South 4600 West
	¶ Brenda Kay TAYLOR	3- 4-1959	West Valley City, Ut. 83120
			801-964-1965
	1. Millicent Sue KUNZ	11-17-1981	
	2. <i>Jessica Rae Kunz</i>	<i>8-7-1985</i>	
11.2.3.	Darcy Hansen KUNZ	6- 8-1957	Randolph, Ut. 84064
	¶ Vera Ellen PEART	5-15-1960	801-793-5885
	1. Paul Hansen KUNZ	12-18-1980	
	2. Dean Tyler KUNZ	9-13-1983	
11.2.4.	Lynden Clifford KUNZ	3-15-1961	RFD #1, Box 126
	¶ ReLa Sue PETERSON	12-20-1962	Logan, Ut. 84321
			801-753-6088
11.2.5.	Lisa Marie KUNZ	7-24-1965	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
	¶ Brent WHITTAKER	3-19-1961	
	1. Jennifer WHITTAKER	2-16-1985	

DELMAR IRVIN & WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ FAMILY
APRIL 1985

11.3.	Marlene KUNZ	1-31-1935	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ Laurel William LINDSAY	4-26-1932	208-847-1043
11.3.1.	Tracy "K" LINDSAY	9-29-1955	629 North 6th
	¶ Sheila PARKER	9-18-1958	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
			208-847-2383
	1. Shane Tracy LINDSAY	3- 5-1981	
11.3.2.	Laurie Evelyn LINDSAY	10-17-1957	717 Jackson
	¶ Michael Allen BUCK	10-19-1960	Montpelier, Idaho 83254
			208-847-2397
	1. Brandon Lindsay BUCK	2- 8-1981	
	2. Alisha Fern BUCK	3- 6-1984	
11.3.3.	Shauna Gene LINDSAY	9-11-1960	P. O. Box 181
	¶ Douglas James COLE	2-21-1961	Garland, Utah 84312
			801-257-0288
	1. Amber Gene COLE	6-12-1984	
11.3.4.	Jeffrey DelMar LINDSAY	4-13-1962	Bern, Idaho 83220
			208-847-1043
11.4.	Alice Carrie KUNZ	12-19-1941	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ Doyle Robert ANTHONY	10-24-1932	208-847-2113
11.4.1.	Robert Brady ANTHONY	4-29-1963	(Same)
	¶ Karen Fay MURRAY	8-18-1965	
11.4.2.	Marc D ANTHONY	5-22-1964	11884 Claude Way
	¶ Lisa Marie WEBSTER	4- 5-1962	Denver, Colorado 80233
	1. Tyler Daniel ANTHONY	5-27-1984	
11.4.3.	Troy "K" ANTHONY	3- 2-1966	Bern, Idaho 83220
			208-847-2113
11.5.	Stephen J. KUNZ	4-17-1945	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ LaRae NELSON	2-29-1947	208-847-1376
11.5.1.	Todd Stephen KUNZ	11-22-1968	
11.5.2.	Travis Theo KUNZ	3- 5-1971	
11.5.3.	Michelle KUNZ	6-10-1973	
11.5.4.	Marci KUNZ	12-21-1976	
11.6.	Robert Scott KUNZ	3- 1-1949	Bern, Idaho 83220
	¶ Shauna BROWN	4-24-1959	208-847-0766
11.6.1.	Adam Scott KUNZ	8- 5-1984	

* Deceased + Divorced ¶ Spouse

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

MY BELOVED PARENTS
BY: RAMONA GENE AND EARL "D" JOHNSON

I feel I was truly blessed to be the child of DelMar and Wanda Johnson Kunz. I have many happy memories of them. My Father was a fairly short little man. He found it difficult to buy shoes and socks to fit because of his size 5 foot. He was a very honest, kind and dependable man. He was loved by his brothers and sisters. Often they would come to our home to visit or to talk to Dad for some advice.

When my Grandpa Robert was living in Logan, he came to our home on many occasions and would stay for a few days. My Mother and Father were very kind to him, and I believe he loved my Mother as a daughter. As children, we were taught to show kindness and love to him. He often would tell us true stories and we were supposed to sit down and give him our attention. My Mother would cook special dishes that he liked. Their example to Grandpa has helped me to have love and concern for older people.

As children, we were taught to pay our tithing. When we were very small, our parents would take us to tithing settlement. I find this has helped me throughout my life. When our children were very small, we tried to follow my parent's example, and I know our daughters try to keep the law of tithing.

Dad and Mom were busy people. We were taught if given a task, we should do it our very best. When I was a little girl, I helped hang the washing out. Mother liked her clothes hung just right. We were to have each article stretched tight, with no loops. Towels were hung by colors, starting with darks to lights.

As children we would all pile in the buggy to go down to the milking corral--Mother and Dad in the front, and the children in the back holding the milk cans and letting our feet hang down. While the milking was done, we would play hide-and-seek and Dad would make us whistles from green willows. When he started mowing the wild hay down by the outlet, Mother would pack a picnic lunch and we would drive down and eat lunch with Dad. This was a special treat.

Mother and Dad held many different Church positions. They were active all of their lives, both in the Bern Ward and the Montpelier Stake. We worked together as a family so they could attend their various meetings. They regularly attended the temple, and on many occasions I stayed home from school to tend the smaller children while they were in Logan.

As the years roll by, I more and more appreciate my parents. I am grateful for the opportunities they gave me, such as taking piano lessons. I know they went without many things so the necessary money was available to pay for my lessons.

I can truly say that I know my parents loved me. They showed me the proper example and had a strong testimony of the Gospel. They loved each other very much, and I think our Father in Heaven was kind to them in allowing them to leave this Earth together. I feel a little sad that my children and grandchildren did not know my parents very well, but I hope they will live the way our Heavenly Father would want them to live, so that someday they will be able to meet them and share their love.

By: Ramona

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

MEMORIES OF MOTHER & FATHER...MY GOODLY PARENTS
BY: MONTAIN D. KUNZ

As I recount the experiences I had with my parents, I find that they were many and most memorable. Perhaps the earliest recollections were those involving the daily chores on the farm. I practically became my Father's "shadow" as soon as I was old enough to walk around the barnyard and in the fields. In fact on those occasions, when circumstances did not permit a boy of my age to accompany him, I became quite upset. I'm sure I made a fuss often enough that many times he took me along just to avoid a situation wherein I would cause an embarrassing scene in the presence of other people.

My Father was a hard worker. We always had a dozen or more milk cows which provided the main income for the family. We milked night and morning by hand. Quite often my Mother would take time from her busy schedule as a housewife to help us with the milking. She had learned as a young girl the art of hand milking. I always appreciated her helping us because it would speed up the operation considerably.

During the summer months our cows, were pastured down by the outlet either on the "Fred Barfuss Place", or south of there on the 40 acres referred to as the Homestead. Until the early, or mid-forties we traveled back and forth, night and morning, in a one horse buggy. It was comprised of a wooden box-frame built on a four wheeled rubber tired wagon. The axles were taken from and old Model "T" Ford automobile. There was a seat up near the front with room for two, and behind the seat there was a square box where the ten gallon milk cans, buckets and a strainer were placed. We eventually acquired a second-hand pickup which replaced the buggy.

The earliest memories I have of my Mother were those in our home. I recall her reading, or telling from memory, bedtime stories to me as I was expected to take an afternoon nap. Usually these stories had a moral to them and she used these opportunities as a teaching experience for me. Mother was an excellent cook and demanded cleanliness. Our home was always kept in order and I'm sure she used this as an example to teach us children the importance of personal cleanliness in our lives.

My Mother served as ward organist for many years. I recall as a very young boy sitting by her on one of the old wooden benches by the organ in the front of the old meeting house during Sacrament Meeting. She was an excellent teacher. She taught us eight boys in Sunday School when we were 6 years old. I'm sure this was a real challenge for her or anyone else attempting it. She served in ward leadership positions as well as many stake callings. The Church meant a great deal to her and she had a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

My parents did many things together as a happy couple as well as involving us children in many family experiences. The annual trips to the mountains in the summer picking huckleberries, chokecherries, and wild currents were special for all of us. A trip to Yellowstone Park in the mid-forties stands out in my mind. Our family along with Orlando and Anna's family, Uncle Earl Aunt Sarah, Bud and Virginia, had an enjoyable three or four day experience in that great natural wonderland.

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

I learned at an early age to enjoy hunting and fishing with my Father. I especially enjoyed going to the Williamsburg and Dry Valley areas, where Father would tell me of his boyhood experiences out there. He was an excellent shot with a shotgun, particularly when it came to hunting sage hens. I learned from him the joy of hunting those magnificent game birds.

My Father was always active in the Church. He served as a Counselor to Bishop Parley Kunz, as Bishop of the Bern Ward, Stake Sunday School President and twice on the Stake High Council. When he was called to serve as Bishop, the Bern Ward Meetinghouse had not been dedicated. It had been built in 1941 and had been used for ten years but for some reason or another it had never been presented to the Lord. Father took it as a personal challenge to see that this long overdue project was accomplished. With the help of two dedicated counselors, George Kunz and Rudolph Bienz, and the support of willing ward members, in a few weeks the building was completely re-painted, repaired, cleaned and ready for dedication. Apostle Matthew Cowley visited our ward and gave a beautiful address and then the dedicatory prayer. Father was proud of the accomplishment that had been made.

Dad and Mother were noble parents. We who were born to their union can take great pride in the fact that we are their children. I personally would like to state as Nephi of Old that, "I, Monty, was born of goodly parents".

By: Montain

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

MEMORIES OF DELMAR AND WANDA...THEY WERE RICH IN LOVE
BY: BETTIE JOAN KUNZ

DelMar and Wanda were precious to me because they were the parents of my sweetheart. They were kind and considerate of me when I came to visit prior to our marriage.

After our marriage I found out how much their family meant to them. Whenever a picnic was planned, and it was often, everyone was invited, including the married ones and their families. They had a great love for the outdoors. Every summer they would load everyone in the back of the pickup to go huckleberrying. Many was the time we went huckleberrying in almost every canyon in the Bear Lake Valley.

DelMar and Wanda had a great love for each other. They spent as much time together as they could. They both enjoyed the same things, spending much time fishing and hunting.

They had a great love for their grandchildren. Grandma always had a "goodie" for the children, be it an apple, orange, banana or just a slice of bread. Grandpa showed great affection for them, also, holding them, playing with them or cutting their hair.

DelMar and Wanda loved the Lord. They were both very active in the ward and stake. I don't think a Temple Day ever went by but what they were at the Temple. Many, many, times I went to Logan with them to attend the Temple.

Wanda was an emaculate housekeeper, everything was always in place, and everything was spotlessly clean. Her wash was sparkling white, and her person was always neat and tidy.

DelMar was a hard worker. He just radiated love. He was so kind to everyone. I don't think that I ever heard him say an unkind word about anyone. He was pure as gold, as far as I am concerned.

They were not rich, compared to world standards, but they were rich in love of the Lord, love for each other and love for their precious children and their families.

By: Bettie

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

"SPECIAL MEMORIES" OF MY PARENTS, DELMAR KUNZ AND WANDA JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: CARRIE KUNZ ANTHONY

Twenty five years have passed since my parents were taken from me and my brothers and sisters. I was eighteen years old then, a "new bride" of just one week, when the fatal accident happened. As I recall those eighteen short years with my parents, I realize just how much they taught and prepared me for the tasks that were to come during the remainder of my life.

At an early age I was taught to pray to my Heavenly Father and to put my trust in Him. This has been a great source of strength and comfort to me all of my life.

Music was a big part of my life with my parents, my brothers and my sisters. Many dollars were spent by Mom and Dad on music lessons for each of us. Many trips were made to Montpelier for lessons at the piano teacher's home, where either Mom or Dad waited patiently.

Mother taught me home-making skills, such as cooking, house cleaning, washing, ironing and tending younger brothers. Gardening was a family project and each one helped plant the tiny seeds in the rows that were "perfectly" straight.

I, along with Stephen, helped Daddy by milking the cows. Daddy would let us drive the old truck to and from the field as he sat close by. We would play in the ant hills and catch minnows in the slew. Each night Mother would get a fresh bouquet of "cow slips".

Daddy also drove the school bus during the years that I attended school in Montpelier (grades, 7th through 12th). We shared those hours together each day and I enjoyed these experiences.

My parents, by their good example, taught me to be dependable and dedicated in my Church callings. They both held many callings in the Church during their lives and fulfilled these callings to the best of their ability.

I regret that my children have been deprived of the association and love of their Grandfather and Grandmother Kunz. I pray that we will all, as a family, live our lives so that one day we will have a joyous meeting with them and all be together as an eternal family with our Father in Heaven.

By: Carrie

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: THEIR FAMILY

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF MOTHER AND DAD
BY: ROBERT SCOTT KUNZ

If I would have been asked to write a twenty six volume history of early pioneer life in Bear Lake Valley, it wouldn't have been anymore challenging than the task which befalls me to write about my Father, DelMar.

What very few experiences a child of 10 or 11 years has with his father would quickly fade away with passing years if they were not reinforced through future association with him.

Such is the case with me, what I know about my Father as a father, husband, and person or friend is very, very minute. I have lived more than twice as many years not knowing him as I did living with him. Ten years is a short time to try to get acquainted with a father.

I don't recall being with my Father on any occasion. I spent a great deal of time with my Mother. I'm sure, learning to transcend from childhood to the first, tender years of adolescence.

I'm sure my Father was a good man. Something I hope to be throughout my life. Having not known a father, has greatly increased my desire to be the best there is to my son.

By: Scott

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY THEIR FAMILY - 1985

MEMORIES OF GRANDPA AND GRANDMA KUNZ
BY: MONTE BART KUNZ (GRANDSON)

My memories of my Grandparents are very sketchy and incomplete. I do have a few vivid pictures of experiences with them and these remain with me, but all of them are simply fleeting glimpses into their lives.

The main thing I remember about my Grandmother was her sitting with us as grandchildren in the living room and peeling apples for us to eat. This small memory of her may not tell people much about her but I do recall loving to be there and sit at one side of her as she did this service for us.

I remember having Grandpa Kunz cut my hair on the south porch of their home as I sat on a large stool. Again this is a small memory but it was part of his life.

I do vividly remember going fishing with them on a few occasion. We would go to one of the small streams in the mountains. It seemed to me as a small child that we would travel for the longest time before we arrived at the fishing stream. Grandpa would take off and catch at least a few hundred fish while Grandma would help me fish near the car.

I remember doing chores with Grandpa Kunz and being in the barn with him as he milked the cows. I always do recall enjoying being with him. I remember on the evening before their accident as they were preparing to leave he said to me that I was in charge of the chores until he got back. Quite an assignment for a 6 year old boy.

These thoughts are not many but one thing I do recall with great intensity was the fact that I enjoyed being with and around them and all that they did. I also remember distinctly the pain I felt at the time of their death. I am sure as was said at their funeral that they were called home for some great purpose which we here on the earth have a difficult time understanding and which we will in time comprehend.

By: Bart

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY THEIR FAMILY - 1985

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF GRANDMA AND GRANDPA KUNZ
BY: COREY DEE KUNZ (GRANDSON)

Even though I was barely four years old when my grandparents were killed, I have a few choice memories of them that I will never forget. These are memories that I cherish, and I am so grateful that I was able to live, if only a few years, so close to my grandparents that I could spend some time with them. As you know, we lived a few hundred feet from Grandma and Grandpa's house. I can vividly remember walking through the field that separated our houses, to get my haircut over at Grandpa's house. Mom would take me and my brothers over and we would take turns having Grandpa cut our hair. To this day, whenever I smell talcum powder, I think of those hair cuts and the green and brown apron that Grandpa would drape across our lap and attach behind our neck with a clothes pin.

While Grandpa was cutting hair out on the south porch, Grandma was busy in the kitchen entertaining the rest of us while we waited our turn. She would fix us slices of her good homemade bread, cut it seems like, at least an inch and a half thick, and let us put as much of her homemade jam, and fresh honey and peanut butter on it as we would like.

Another thing that I remember about Grandpa was that he used to tease me by calling me 'Jake'. I would get upset at that and at least one time I know that I started to cry because of it. Grandma heard me crying and told me that, instead of crying, if I would call him 'Pete', he would stop calling me Jake. It didn't stop him from teasing me but at least I had a counter response for him and I felt much better about being called Jake when I could call him Pete.

The other memories I have of my Grandmother are of her spending hours sitting on the couch of her living room, peeling apples for the grandchildren that were hovering around her, while our mothers were busy with one of the quilts that she always seemed to be working on. She could never quilt while we were there though, she spent all of her time peeling apples. As long as we would eat them she would peel and slice those apples for us.

Grandma was also either the organist or the chorister. I'm not sure which, in our ward. I can remember how I loved to go and sit on the stand with her during church. She would take her hankie and fold it into a little cradle with two little babies in it. There were other things that she made but I don't recall what they were.

I guess that the thing that I remember most about my Grandparents is that they loved us. Even though I was very young, and it has been a long time since they were here I still feel their love, and I know they were very loving, good, honest people. And when I think back about them it reminds me of a lot of good traits that they have, that I would like to incorporate into my life.

I know that they were called back to perform a special mission for our Heavenly Father, and I am thankful beyond expression that I was privileged to spend, what short time I had with them while they were on the earth.

By: Corey

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: EDYTH KUNZ

MEMORIES OF WANDA AND DELMAR

As I reminisce in my treasures of memories of DelMar and Wanda, my relatives and special friends, time steps back 57 years. George and I are walking down the long wooden porch on the south side of Robert and Caroline Kunz's home to the two "west rooms" of the house where DelMar and Wanda were living. We were all full of excitement for we have come to see their little new baby daughter. It is a special day, July 4th 1928. She is a beautiful little dark haired bundle of perfection in every way. They are so proud of their first child and they have named her Ramona.

Wanda had been so happy, when I told her my secret, that I too, was expecting a baby in the following December. We planned to have so many fun times with our babies, but fate stepped in and our fun times became heartaches. Yes, Wanda cried, as I cried, at the loss of our little son.

Prior to our marriages DelMar and George went on many dates together, courting the girls from Ovid, Wanda's home town. Sometime they would try to tease us by sharing some of these courting experiences with Wanda and I. We as their wives, didn't always laugh like our husbands did as they retold some of their adventures.

Oh, how DelMar and George loved to talk in Swiss, so we couldn't understand what they were saying. Wanda was pretty sharp on interpreting their chatter, often understanding, and then telling me what they had said, especially in a good game of Rook. We understood that "swartz" meant black. DelMar would really laugh when we tried to figure out what they had said.

In the early days of our marriages, almost everyone milked cows and then took their milk to the dairy, except for Saturday night and Sunday morning. Everyone separated the cream from the milk on these two milkings and then they would have fresh cream to make butter and ice cream. There were many special occasions when we all enjoyed home made ice cream and Wanda's delicious chocolate cake, while we visited and enjoyed each other.

As I dip into my reservoir of memories there is one I'd like to forget. One day Wanda and I decided to go visit her Mother who lived in Ovid. George had a Model "T" Ford that required hand cranking. Wanda's job was to maneuver the spark and gas levers as I did the cranking. After several tries we finally got the car running, but on one crank the car had back fired and I was too slow in removing my hand from the crank as it spun around backwards. You can imagine the "Kunz blessing" I received for not being more careful. I was pregnant and suppose that the blessing was justified. Even with this, Wanda and I had a wonderful day together, and the hurt hand recovered. We continued to have so many fun times as we worked and played together.

One time Wanda and I joined our fun loving husbands on one of their "goose hunts". It was a cold, windy day and as we huddled together in the goose blind, we girls had so much to talk about. In addition as we laid there on our stomachs with teeth chattering, we were reminded and reprimanded to be quiet so as not to scare the geese away as they flew over. Even so, with all of our noise our husbands got their geese. DelMar was an excellent shot with the shot gun.

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA PEARL JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: EDYTH KUNZ

I think the one most outstanding memory I have of these good friends is their togetherness and solidarity as a family. It was always difficult for them to leave their children when they were going places. They were so concerned about their welfare. DelMar always gave every situation some second thought. I remember Wanda going many nights to milk the cows, taking the children along to play. Whenever you saw them they were always together.

I remember the time when DelMar rushed Wanda to Montpelier with a team and sleigh before Scott was born. She was taken to our daughter, Betty Jo's home where she was welcomed and treated like a queen, so she said. When you are a guest at Betty's home you get the royal red carpet treatment. Scott was not born on that trip and he arrived two weeks later.

In my memories I recall many trips to the Temple in Logan, and other Church activities. I was called to serve as a counselor to Wanda in the ward Relief Society Presidency. I remember our worry and concern the day we prepared dinner for Elder Matthew Cowley, who had come to dedicate the new Bern Ward Church House. He was so kind and gracious and his dedication sermon and prayer, as recorded in his book, will live in our memories. However, we were relieved when the excitement of this event was over.

In another fun time we were working, cleaning the kitchen at the Church House and we had worked most of the day and wanted to finish the job we had started, but we were hungry. So we opened a lovely can of corn we found in the cupboard and we ate it cold. We said it was the best corn we had ever eaten. It wasn't ours, however, and we both felt guilty about eating it, so we replaced it with two cans for the one we had eaten.

In my thoughts I have tried to picture the joyous reunion DelMar and Wanda had as they were joined by George. I wonder if there are any fishing holes in Heaven?

DelMar and Wanda's family have been so special to me and they have shared so many of their talents with all of us. Everyone who knows this family speaks so highly of them. Their parents must be so proud.

I cannot forget how their children laid aside their sorrow with every member being in Church the Sunday following the accident. What an example for all of us to follow, to be where their parents had taught them to be, in their Heavenly Father's House.

My memories span 32 years of togetherness with this wonderful couple, my friends. The many happy hours we spent, fishing, hunting, going on a trip to Yellowstone National Park, many church assignments and just visiting and reminiscing were so much pleasure. I miss all three of them.

By: Edyth

TRIBUTE TO DELMAR IRVIN AND WANDA JOHNSON KUNZ
BY: VERNON LEON KUNZ

As a young boy, Uncle DelMar was my ideal. When I was missing at home, my parents knew where to find me. I sought after companionship and quite likely came to be a nuisance. But his characteristic patience and high level of tolerance for the intolerable was always in evidence.

His example is worthy of emulation. Had I been strong enough to follow in his footsteps I would have avoided many of the pitfalls. Never did I hear him swear or use abusive language. He observed the laws of health, in keeping the Word of Wisdom. His sense of humor made him a desirable companion on hunting and fishing trips and as a fellow workman. He was not prone to make unkind remarks about others. He was at peace with himself and his fellowmen, not soon to anger. Life was not easy, but he withstood the pressures. He never quit. He never gave up.

At an early age, Uncle DelMar and Aunt Wanda were temporarily separated from their family - the result of a tragic accident. They had only begun to live. If they had their choice, I'm sure it would have been to remain, watching over their family. Gladly they would have worked and sacrificed for their advancement and well being. But that was not in the program. Through no fault of their own, they were called and chosen for another work. Sad as it is, all of us should be humbly grateful that we cannot designate to whom or when death shall come. Sometime in the future we shall come to know and recognize the wisdom behind some of these seemingly irreconcilable events. In the meantime, we must leave the matter in the hands of an all wise, all knowing Heavenly Father. It can be truthfully said that their posterity have been self supportive, and have met the challenges bravely. DelMar and Wanda rejoice in their accomplishments, in a spirit of humble pride. How well they can!!

By: Vernon

TRIBUTE TO WANDA AND DELMAR KUNZ
BY: NORINE KUNZ

I first became acquainted with Wanda Johnson, as she was then known, when I was a freshman at the old Fielding High School, formerly the Fielding Academy, located on the hill west of Paris. The year was 1926-27. We took a sewing class from a lady whose name was Othelia Peterson Wright. We gave her some un-flattering nicknames. Wanda and I must have both taken "chorus" or "Glee Club", from Mr. Irwin Jensen because we sang a duet in a school assembly program. I think the song was "To You Sweetheart, Aloha". Wanda was a pretty, happy girl with a beautiful smile. Little did I know that our lives would join again.

The next year I went away to school in Burley, Idaho and when I came back to Paris for my Junior year Wanda was no longer there. I guess she had already married DelMar and I think that I did not see her again until 1931 when I married Tony Kunz, DelMar's cousin, and we moved to Bern to live.

My husband and I became a part of the "Young Marrieds" with Wanda and DelMar, Reed and Edith, George and Edyth and Sarah and Earl and we had many good times together.

Wanda and I began to work together in the Mutual, Primary and Relief Society organizations in the Church. We often sang together in the Ward, the Stake and in much of the County, at funerals, wedding "showers" as well as other church functions. Wanda was a natural musician and she played both the piano and the organ. We both sang in the Stake choir and Singing Mothers for many years.

When I arrived in Bern, Ramona had already been born, a beautiful little girl of about 4 years of age. We both had our first sons the next year, 1932. Montain was born in February and Harold in June. During their early lives we share our symptoms, our hopes and our sewing. These two boys were close friends all through their youth; they enjoyed singing together.

I think that I had known DelMar before we came to Bern, and in our young group we learned to love him for his fun-loving, yet serious nature. While he was the school-bus driver I admired his patience during the years our oldest daughter rode the bus. I am sure she was the one for whom he most often had to wait.

Wanda had two other girls, Marlene and Carrie, before our first child was born, but she continued in all of her activities. She was Relief Society President when our Harriet was born and she came to our home the day I came from the hospital and helped us to "settle in". She was always helpful and kind. I served as her counselor in both Mutual and Relief Society and, from her, I learned so much of both a practical and spiritual nature. For the last 17 years of her life she served as the Ward Organist and I served as the Ward Chorister. On Testimony Sunday she "marked the path and led the way". Her testimony helped mine to grow.

She was a wonderful cook, housekeeper and seamstress and during the early depression years she shared many recipes, patterns and money saving ideas with me. My pattern box and recipe file have many items bearing her name.

TRIBUTE TO WANDA AND DELMAR KUNZ
BY: NORINE KUNZ

Once, just before Carrie was married, I was at their home quilting on a beautiful quilt for Carrie. It was this night that I learned of DelMar's wonderful wise role as a Father. He had promised to take Scott and Stephen rabbit hunting, but Scott had some home work to be done first. In their anxiety to go hunting, Stephen helped Scott with his homework. Somehow DelMar learned of this, and without any fuss, he put the papers in the stove and sent Scott to do it himself. When it was done, he said, "Come on boys, let's go hunting"; what a splendid, wise, and tolerant act. At other times, when I was around and DelMar wanted something done, he would say, "Come boys, lets do this", always with a cooperative attitude.

Delmar was a fine Bishop for a number of years. He gave much wise counsel on storage, saving, and giving to the Lord. During his term of office much Temple work was accomplished by the ward members.

Many of our early years in Bern were depression years, and none of us had many luxuries, but their home was always so clean and attractive and hospitable to all for a good Rook Game or just to visit.

Their daughter, Carrie, was just one and one half years older than our youngest and both girls were alone in their "Age Group". They were close friends through their years of growing up, often riding bicycles and playing dolls at Carrie's house and at our house. When Carrie became engaged to Bob, Janet felt that she had been "set adrift".

Carrie was married one week before our daughter was married and one week before the tragic accident that took Wanda and DelMar's lives. With their passing, I too, felt "adrift" with the long and intimate association which had meant so much to all of us was lost. On my daughter's wedding day, the joy was clouded with sadness for I knew nothing in this life would ever be quite so good again.

By: Norine

POSTSCRIPT
BY: BUD KUNZ

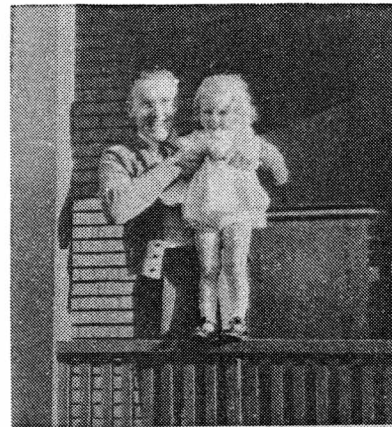
I hope to be there, when once again Aunt Wanda and Cousin Norine raise their voices as beautiful angels in Heaven, and in the presence of Uncle DelMar, Tony, their families and our Heavenly Father, sing once again, "To you sweetheart, Aloha", with the sure knowledge that they will never be separated again.

By Bud

INTERESTING FAMILY PICTURES



MERLYN KUNZ JENSEN
NORMA YOUNG ERICKSON WALTON
MERNA KUNZ GLADE
Three happy cousins



DEANNA EGAN BENNETT
& DEVIRL A. KUNZ
"DeeDee" a precious child, &
"Bud" - May 29, 1939



ROBERT - EMMA - LOUIS - ELLA - ALVIN - ROSANNA
Beautiful children, but they appear to be angry.
Aunt Emma said that Alvin mutilated his picture.



MERNA & NORMA

INTERESTING FAMILY PICTURES



ERMA LEVERN KUNZ YOUNG - ELLA GRACE KUNZ YOUNG WILDE
ROSANNA KUNZ KUNZ - EMMA CAROLINE KUNZ KUNZ
Spring of 1910 or 1911 - Four beautiful loving sisters.
In front of Aunt Emma's first home.



JERALD - ELVA - ONEAL - ASENETH - LA JUANA - OMA - EVELYN - PATRICIA
VIRGINIA LEVEDA - HORACE - EMMA - ELLA - LAMONT - MELVIN - LEONARD - DENNIS
NELDA - BUD
An extended family together in Griffith Park in 1944.

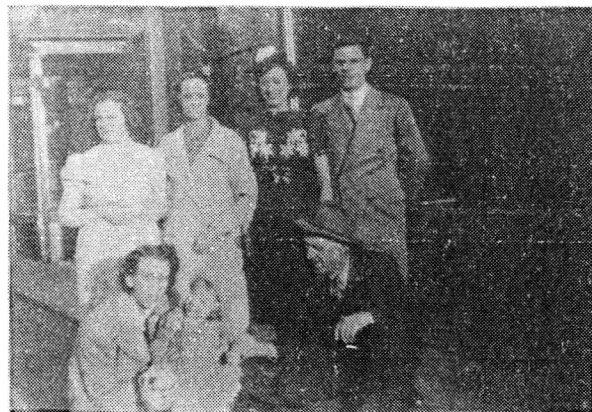
INTERESTING FAMILY PICTURES



"BUD"
 "A good catch" - Uncle George Kunz
 caught most of them. I'm sure he and
 and DelMar are fishing in Heaven.



LAURA JACKSON KUNZ - KENNETH KEITH KUNZ
 CLYDE KUNZ - KEITH JACKSON KUNZ
 1945 - Kenneth in Military - Laura,



ANONA - DEANNA - UNCLE BENJAMIN
 VERLENE - AUNT ROSANNA - MERNA - MELVIN
 1939 - All together as a happy family
 Salt Lake City, Utah

A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO
VIRGINIA SMITH KUNZ - - BUD'S SWEETHEART



VIRGINIA SMITH KUNZ

She was beautiful in 1941 and she is even more choice and beautiful today.

I dedicate this book to my life long, loving mate and sweetheart,
Virginia Smith Kunz. Her stability, her judgement and her never
ending love have made me and my family what we are today -
"a loyal, loveable family".

BY: "Bud"